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Bright lights, fast nights

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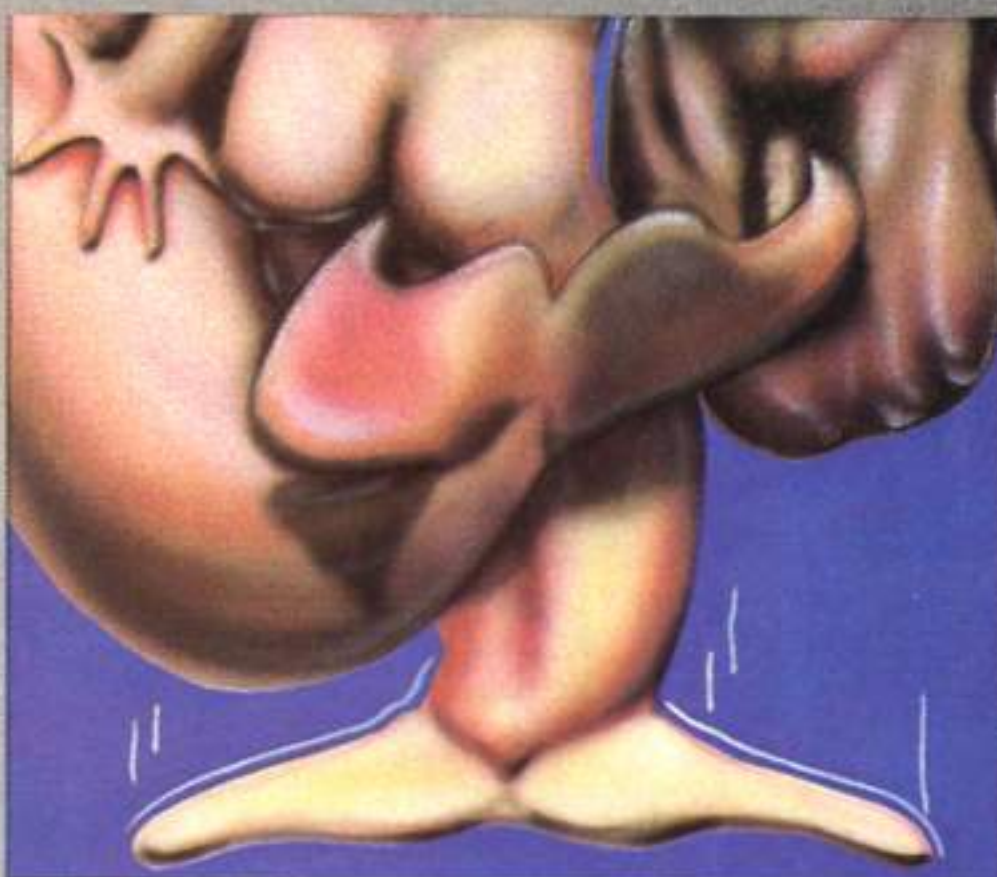
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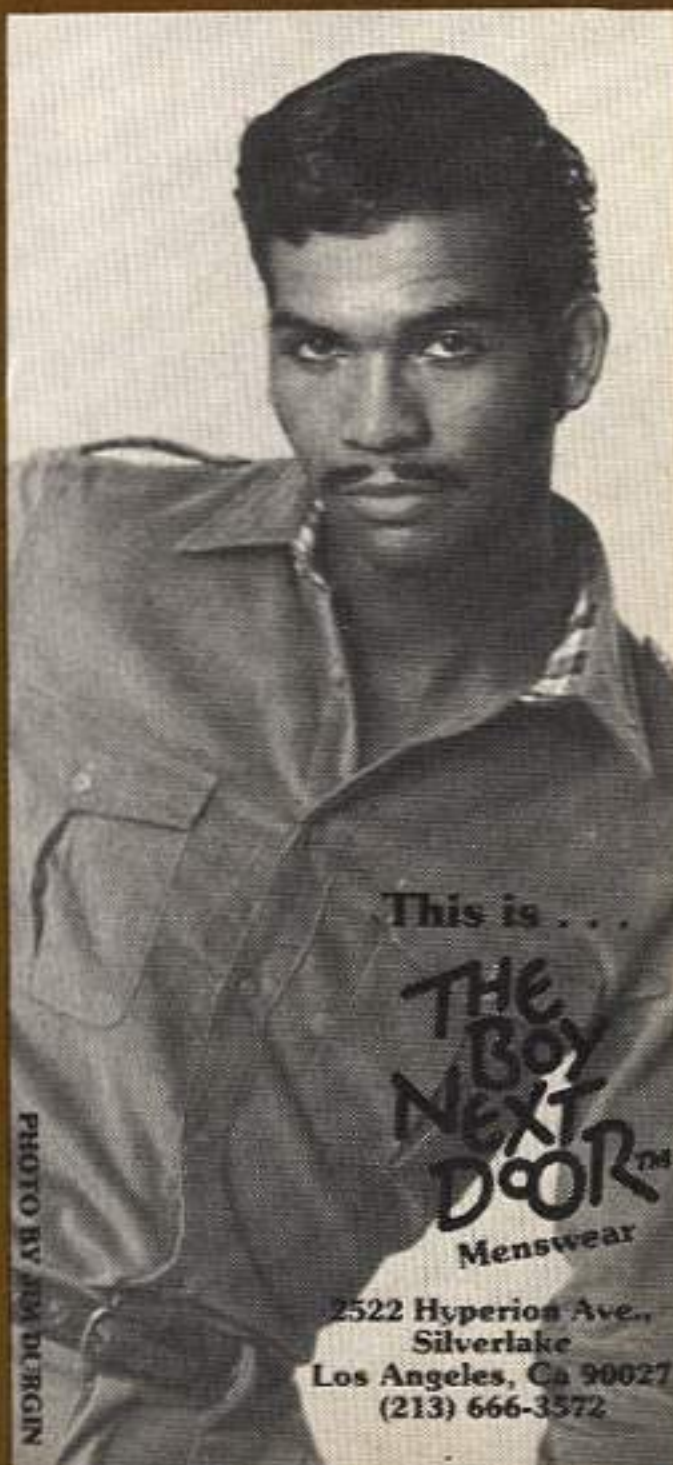


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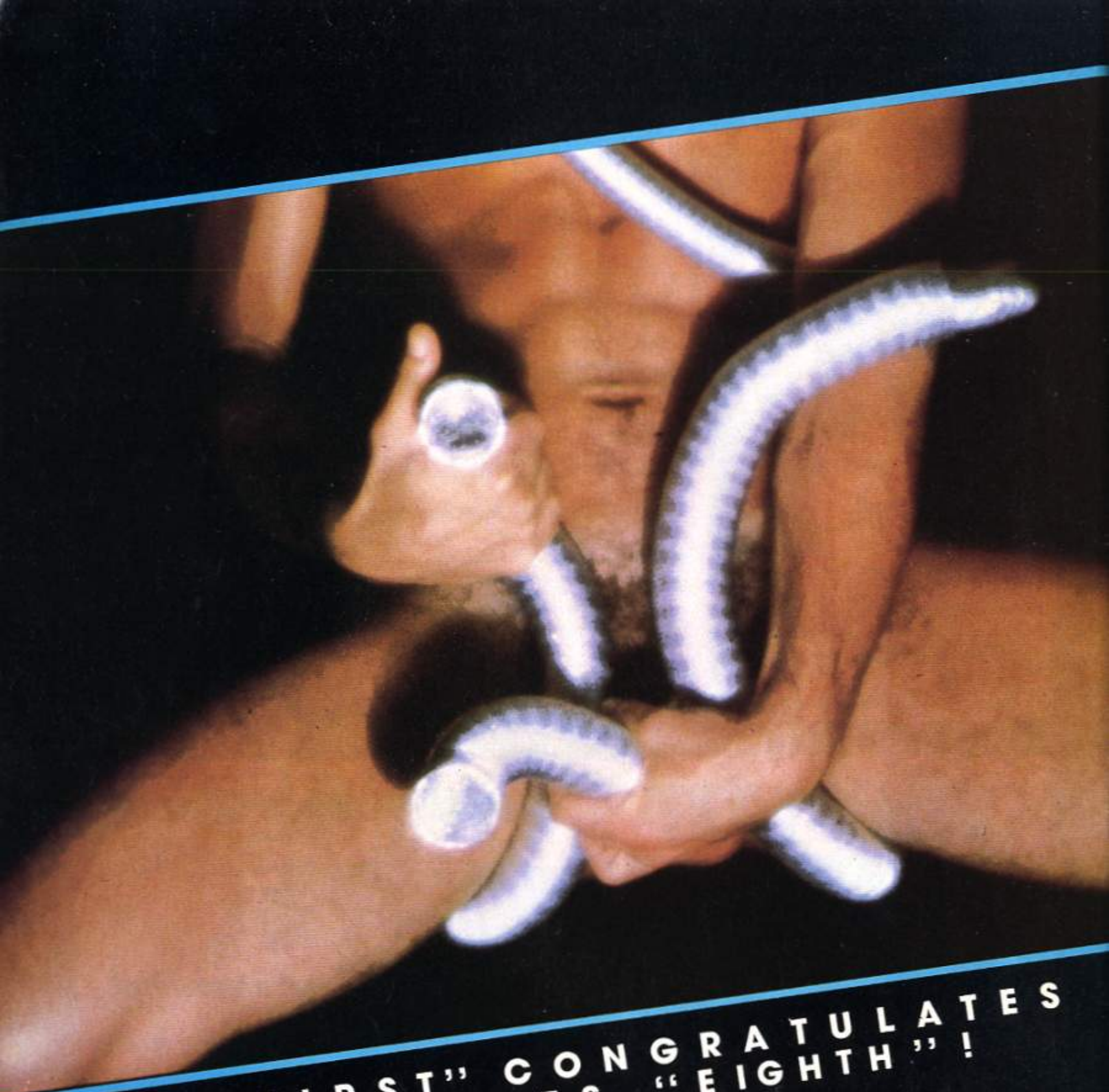


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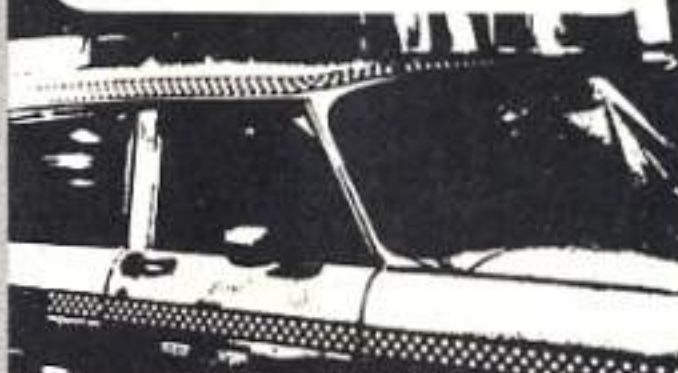
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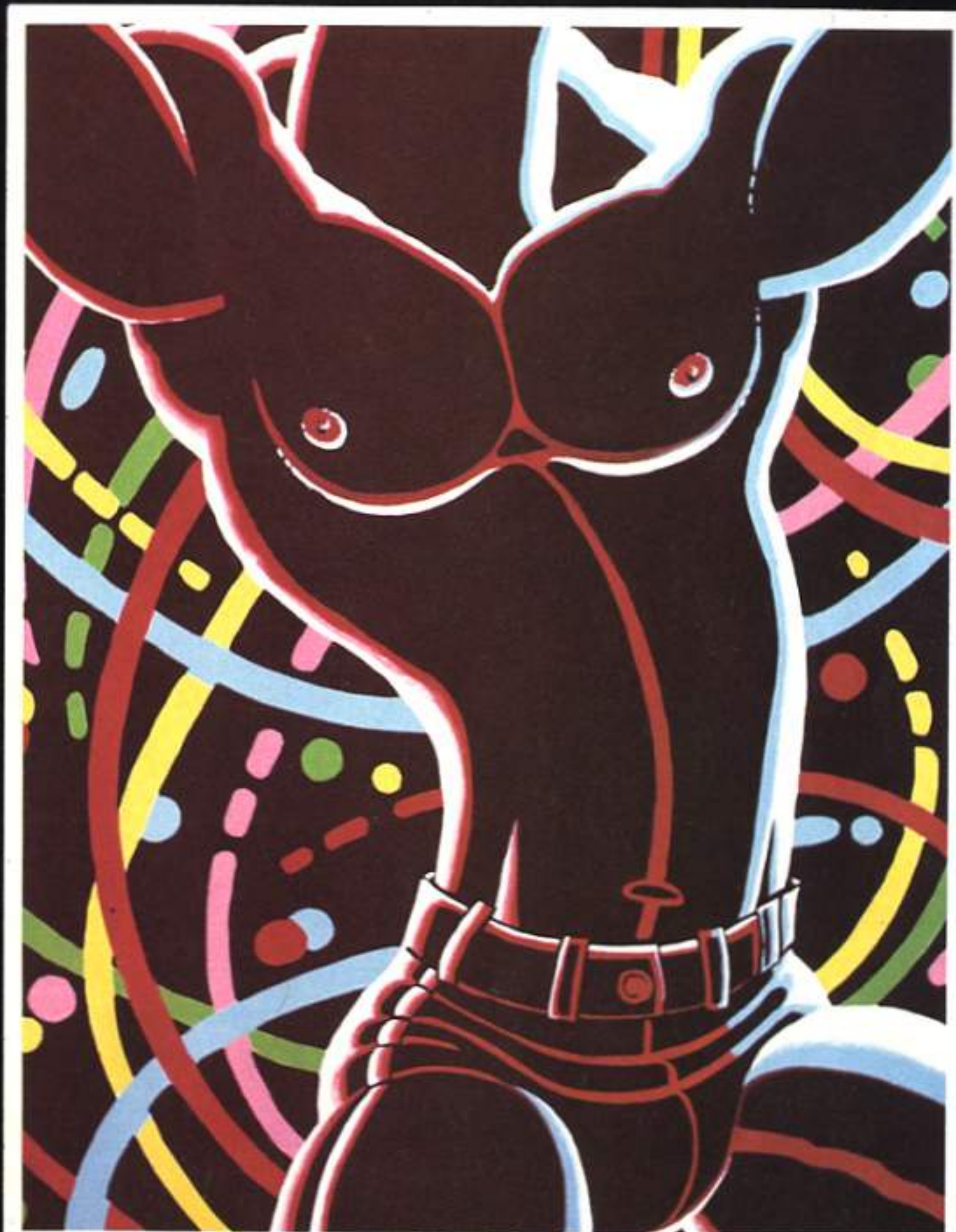


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TOUCH & GO



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LIFE'S TOUGH UNDER THE BIG TOP: Oh, the pressure of weighty matters, the pressure of weighty matters. As if things weren't tough enough, doctor's have determined that sex is poor exercise. According to an item in Chicago's *Gaylife* newspaper, Dr. Gabe Mirkin, a specialist in sports medicine at the University of Maryland, says that even the most passionate

lovmaking will burn up only a few calories. Sex clocks in as a 5 on Mirkin's Measure of Energy Scale—the equivalent of walking up two flights of stairs. (Has the good doctor seen any gay porn films lately? Surely these boys are walking up two flights, four mountains and six pyramids. We mean, the sessions in these films are *endless*.) If what Mirkin says is true—and

we have no reason to doubt him—it'll be goodbye to all those legends about this movie star or that politician dying "in the saddle"; Mirkin has determined that even recovering heart-attack patients can handle a 9 while athletes usually go over 20 in their normal workouts. And we always thought living at the baths was getting us ready for the 1984 Olympics. Damn!

CLASSIFIEDS UNCLASSIFIED:

We've read the classifieds in the *Advocate* and *Drummer* too, and we didn't know what those abbreviations meant either. So we called up the publications, got the dope and here print a glossary of initials, phrases and euphemisms for you:

A — Aggressive, as in GR/A (Greek aggressive, likes to do the fucking).

BB — Bodybuilder

B&D — Bondage and Discipline. A distinction must be made between B&D and S&M (Sado-masochism). S&M involves some degree of physical abuse—slapping, spanking, whipping—while B&D may be merely situational—

tied to a brass bed, hung upside down from a rack, strapped down and forced to listen to Jane Oliver.

B/J — Blow job

BM — Black man

Bottom — the passive partner in sex (as opposed to Top)

C/B T — Cock-and-ball torture, not meant literally.

Cut — Circumcised, as in 8" cut (eight inches of circumcised penis).

Cheesy — a condition in which penile secretions are allowed to collect in the foreskin. Because of its association with unwashed, lower-class men, it has become a fetish for certain gay men who are typically upwardly mobile and meticulous in their own hygiene.

Dog slave — fantasy situation in which the "slave" is treated like a dog, often including bootlicking, eating out of a bowl marked "Fido" and, of course, three brisk walks a day.

Endw — Endowed, i.e., hung

FF — Fistfucking, meant literally

Filth — into body wastes (including sweat)

FR — French, i.e. oral sex

GBM — Gay black male, sometimes Goodlooking black man

GR — Greek, that is, anal sex

GWB — Gay white male, sometimes Goodlooking white man

Handball — Fistfucking

Headcheese — Uncut leftovers (See Cheesy)

J/O — Jerk off, usually mutual masturbation (variation, J J/O—jockstrap jerk off scene)

Latrine duty — urine scene

L/L Leather/Levi, a case of clothing makes the man.

M — Masochist

P — Passive as in FR/P (French passive, like to be blown)

Recycled beer — urine

Rope tricks — Bondage

S — Sadist

Scat — Feces as fetish

Sks same — Seeks same, the writer is looking for someone who fits the description he has just given of himself.

S&M — Sado-masochism, that is, physical abuse

Str. appearing — Straight appearing, i.e., wears lumber-

jack shirts with his tennis shoes.

Sty — Game room, usually equipped with the accoutrements of S&M and especially B&D—racks, slings, whips, lately video recorders and cameras.

Smegma — the medical name for headcheese

Top — the active partner in sex (as opposed to Bottom)

T/T — Tit torture

Uncut — Not circumcised

V/A — Verbal abuse, e.g., one gay man calling another gay man a filthy cocksucker.

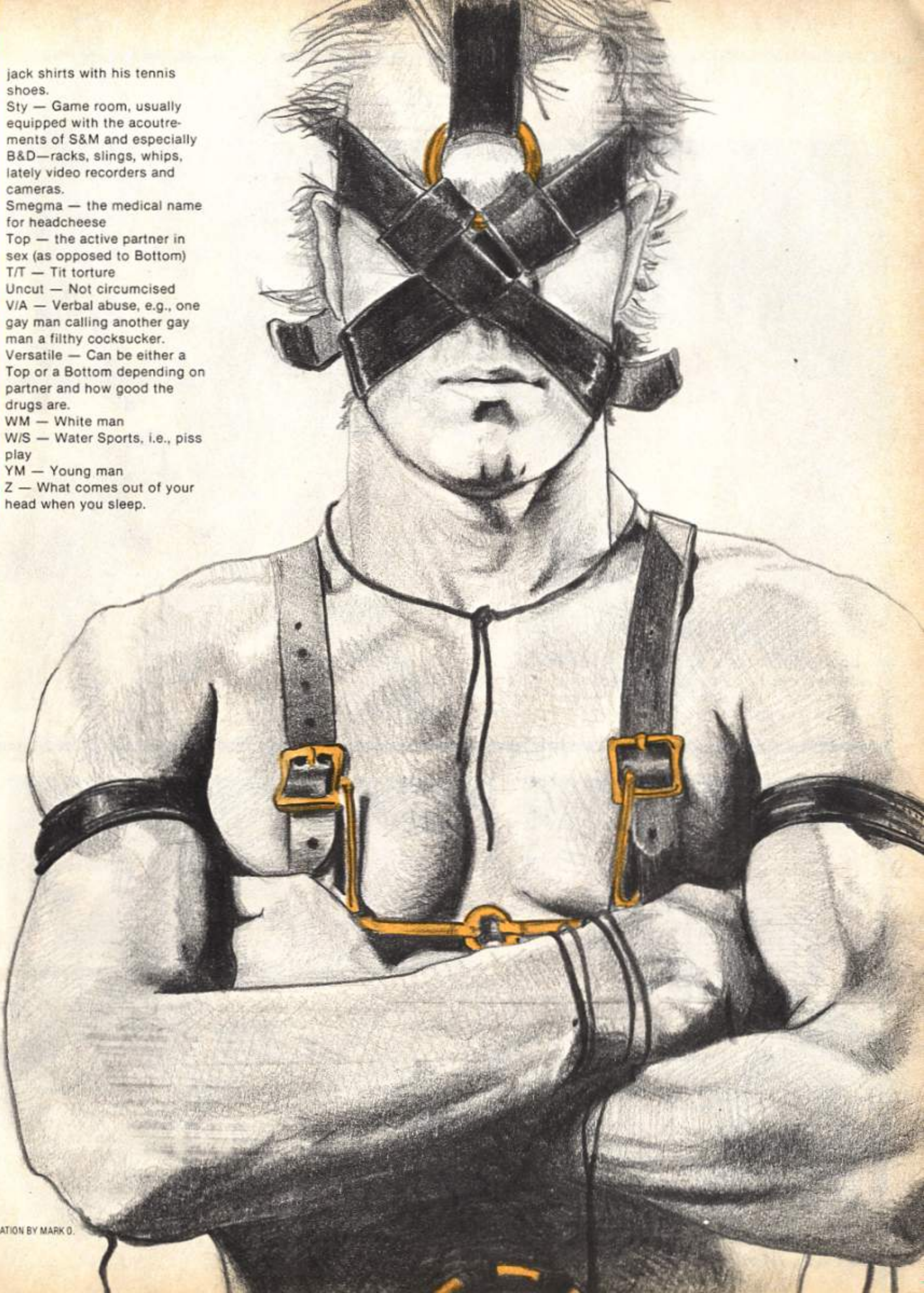
Versatile — Can be either a Top or a Bottom depending on partner and how good the drugs are.

WM — White man

W/S — Water Sports, i.e., piss play

YM — Young man

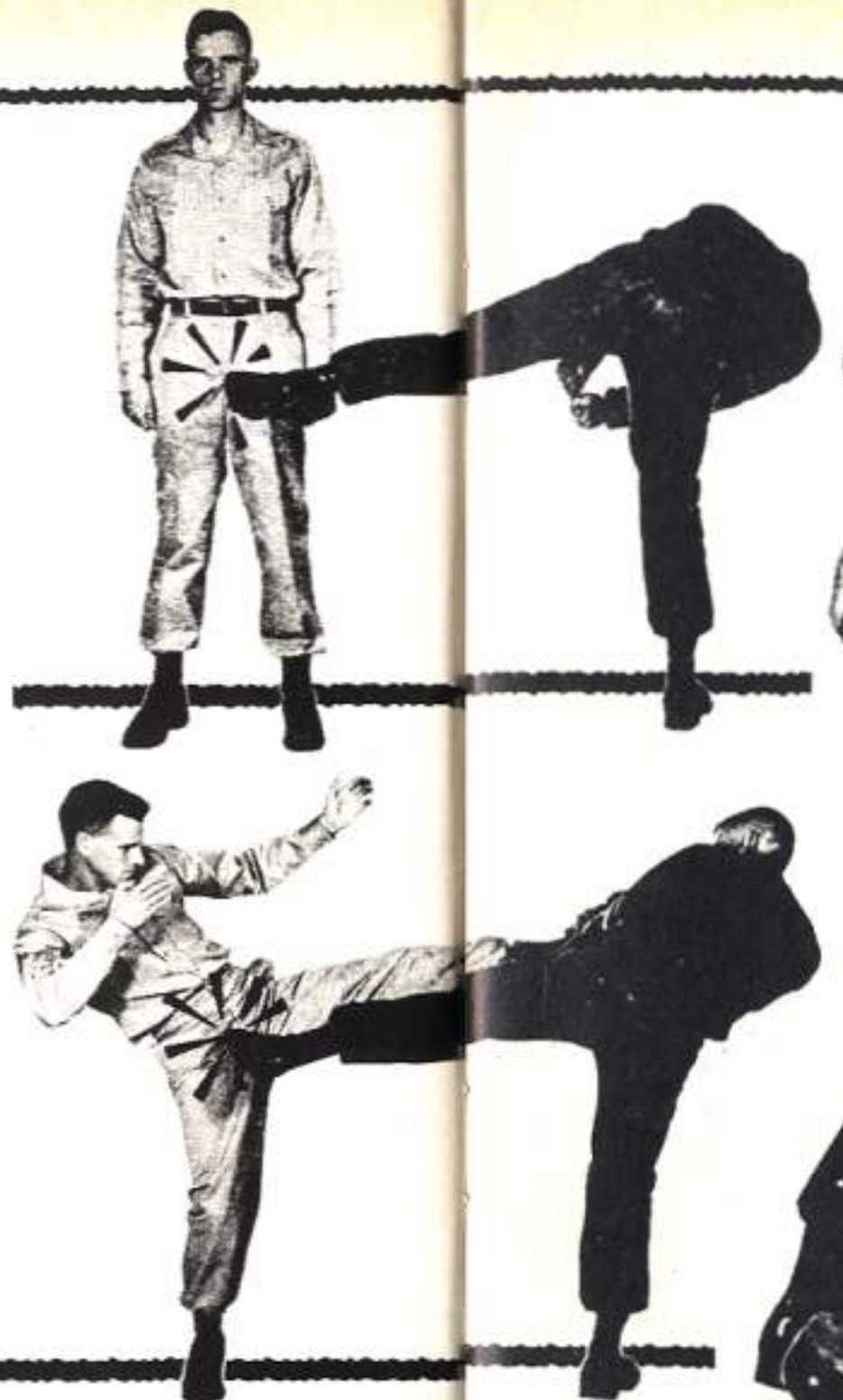
Z — What comes out of your head when you sleep.





NICE 'N' SLEAZY PROVOCATIVE POSTCARDS/PHOTO BY ROGER BESTER

POSTCARD OF THE MONTH: Here it is. The ultimate in no-nos. Raising all kinds of issues we wouldn't even dare broach in this our gentle journal of Quiet Good Taste, issues like babyporn, water sports, full erections and—dare we even think it?—angel defamation. We present this card only as perhaps the main reason why God died. Read it and weep.



ANDY SWANBECK

AUTOEROTIC: Who was it who said a man's car is an extension of his penis? Perhaps it was the guy who built this Dickmobile. Erected by an art student for a sculpture project at Northridge College in California, the Dickmobile is actually a pearlescent fiberglass exterior fused onto a Morgan, a British sports car. The student got an A and the vein-popping vehicle was promptly bought up by his

teacher, Hugh Merry, ever a lover of culture. However, whenever Merry would take the car for a spin through his conservative San Fernando Valley neighborhood, people would stop, turn, point, scream, yell. Merry also found that his modest little car was an excellent way to meet the entire police force. He was always being stopped and asked for his registration. Of course, a crowd would gather,

the registration would be produced and the twinkling-eyed policemen would end up smiling and blushing and befriending our Great Man of the Arts. But nothing is for nothing. The Dickmobile, frankly, was no dreamboat to drive. Something was always overheating or breaking and couldn't be replaced (at least not in the U.S.). To start the damn thing, all the neighborhood kids had to get behind it and push it

down a hill. The Dickmobile, we hear, now resides in Marin County on display for select viewings (rookie policemen always welcome) in the art teacher's garage. Now we know a lot of you may be thinking this isn't art and this isn't sculpture. To all of you we say, think that. For our money, a cock on wheels is definitely the kind of piece we'd want parked in our Louvre.



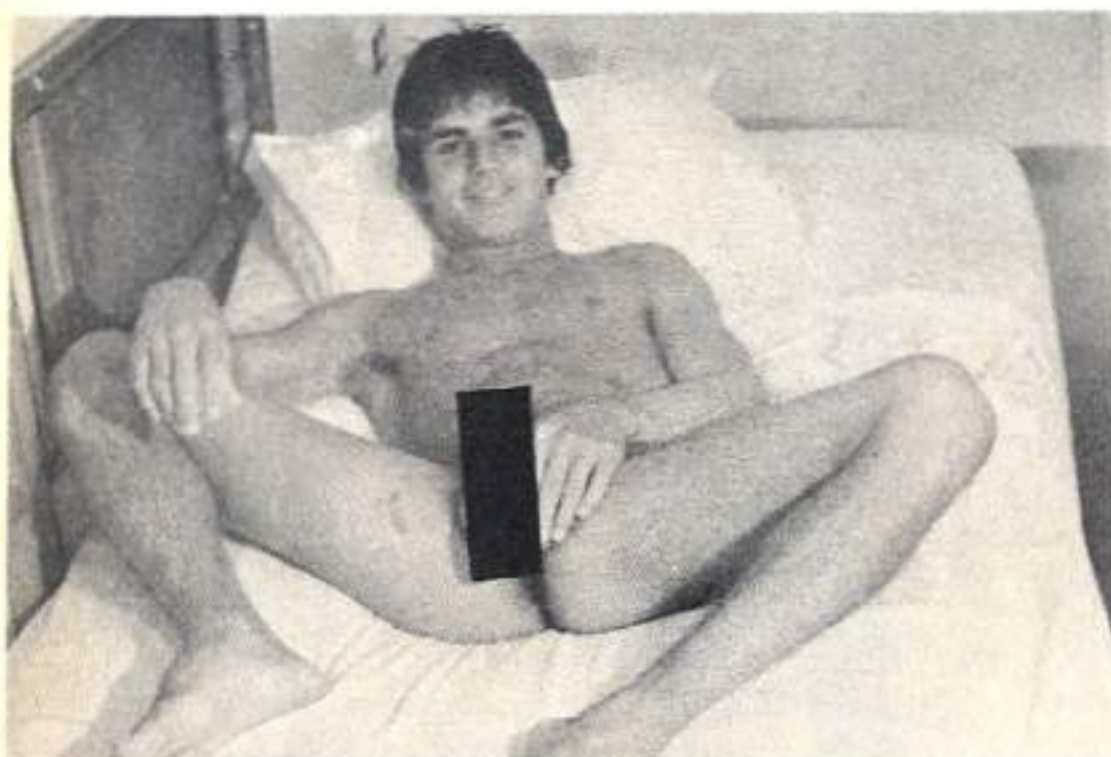
ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES OF "GREAT BOOKS": From the U.S. Government Printing Office, we bring you *Combatives*, a field manual for the Army. If you want to read this one, you'll have to enlist. Obviously from these pictures, *Combatives* is worth it (how much do you love the ouch marks?). Filled with many skinhead sex-and-violence photos that look like true love to us, the book also has such

swell paragraph headings as The Butt Stroke, Blows to the Groin, and, of course, Cross Collar Stangulation. In the Prisoner Securing section alone we learn how to execute The Helmet Neck Break, The Kneeling Method of Search and—our favorite—The Hog Tie. Kicks just keep getting harder to find, huh boys? Now we really understand the deeper meaning of the Army's slogan: We don't ask for experience, we give it! ▲



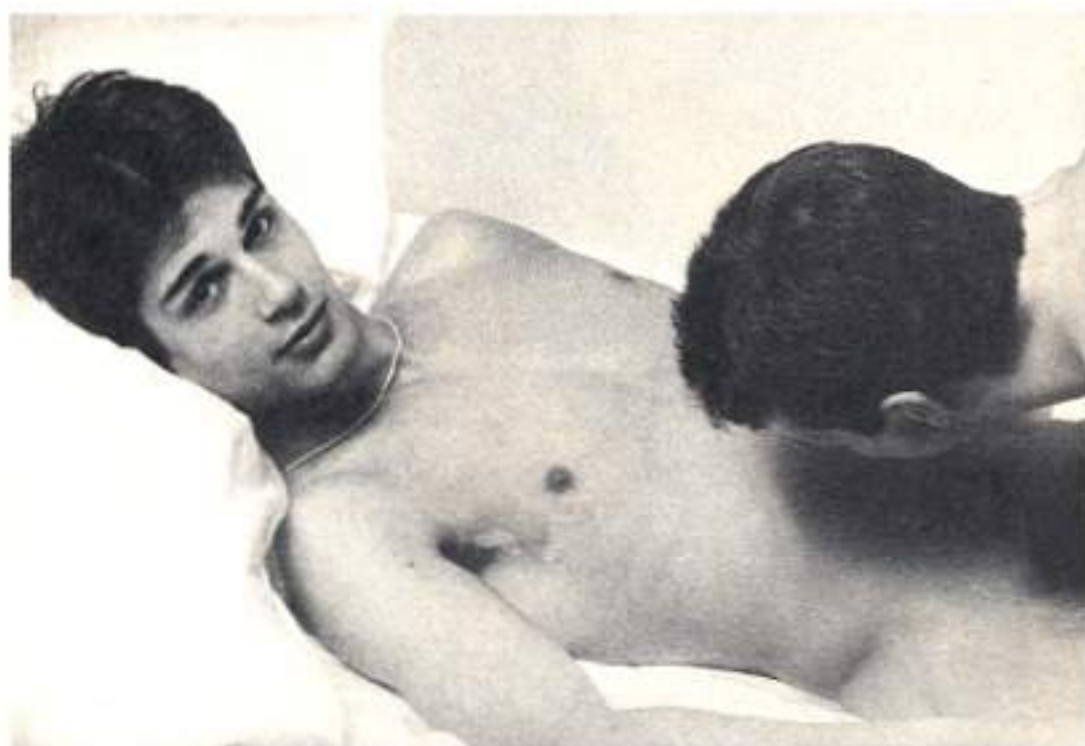
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← NEW! TOO HOT TO HANDLE #12

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NEW! IN HEAT #11

Page after page of naked action featuring the world's most oversexed men in hard, explicit photos of men getting each other off again and again. In this issue: Englishmen on White Sheets, Leo and Jamie, Wild Life, and the Van Man. Adults only.

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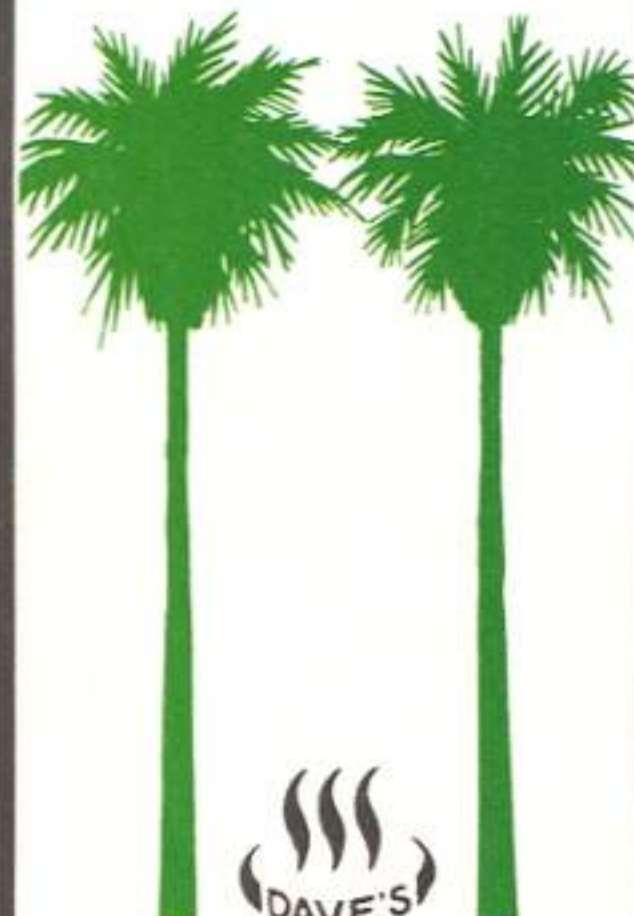


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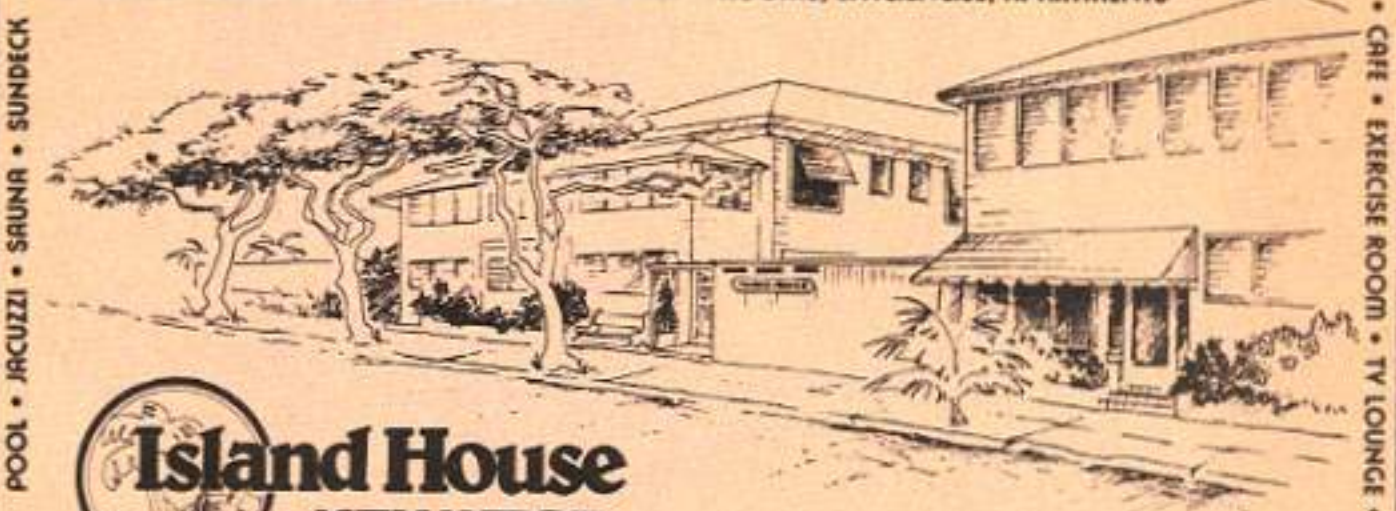



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LETTERS:

FRENCH ME

Monsieur Jean-Robert Le Cocq (Issue #58) est tres magnifique! Son visage est elegant vraiment et sa poiture chevelu est tres masculine. Ses fesses forment ressembler deux balles parfaits. Et naturellement, son coq n'est pas coupe. Aplaudissements, IN TOUCH! Mes amities a vous . . .

Pierre Grosse
Southeastern, PA

Merci beaucoup, Pennsylvania

—Ed

DALLYING WITH WILLY

Your "meat and potatoes" shots of Leif Garrett and Willy Aames in the Touch & Go section of Issue #57 really scorched my retinas! Or particular interest is the one of Willy Aames. The photo seemed a product of Salvador Dali. The format strongly resembles Dali's erotic style of presenting his combination of boys and water. Check out his oil, *Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus* (1959), and consider the similarities. Surely, Dali wouldn't object to the comparison. After all that's his wife, Gala, you'll find hovering above the beautiful boys . . . in all her immortal splendor! Best wishes . . .

Lenny Thomas
San Francisco, CA

Thank you, Lenny. Of course, we are well aware of the allusion this photo makes to Dali and, in fact, carefully calculated the effect, as we do in all our candid shots. Art, first. Art, foremost. We at IN TOUCH are total respectors of Art, Quiet Good Taste and the Seven Social Graces. Why, we might even say that we have Art up the ass . . . that is, of course, if we were given to using words like that. Hey, Lenny. Thanx! Enjoy the issue.

—Ed

SHELLEY, ONE; BOYS, NOTHING

Having reached page 23 of Issue #58, I feel compelled to write instantly in commendation of the improvement in the magazine. Assuming, having checked the masthead in an old issue, that you [John Calendo] and Jim Yousling are responsible, I credit you with transforming a tired rag full of drivel and pimply 19-year-olds into a magazine infused with a sensibility that's informed, witty and appropriately trashy—presented in a format and with a style that are truly admirable. The models remain, for the most part,

insipid; but that's getting better too. I wish you and Mr. Yousling and the rest of the staff every financial and professional reward for your efforts. Yours very truly.

Tim Nenno
New York, NY

Why, thank you, Tim. It's always great to be appreciated. I thank you, Jim thanks you, Shelley thanks you. And as for the models, we're working on them, Clearasil in hand.

—Ed

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY WRITES

The Fil-Am Cultural Center plans to hold a display of some stateside magazines/newspapers from all over the United States this August as part of our exhibition of things "stateside" and will run for two months. In this regard, we would like to request 2 complimentary copies of your magazine/newspaper circulated on any Friday and Saturday. Briefly, these magazines/newspapers will greatly help us in our briefings to newly-acquired dependents of U.S. Servicemen and to the Base Employees assigned with COMUSFAC. More power to you and your staff. Very truly yours . . .

Ernie E. Tawatao
Director Fil-Am Cultural Center
Commander U.S. Facility
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The above letter was written on official Navy stationery. We promptly sent off Issue #55 (the Sailor issue) and Issue #54 (the issue with true stories on making out with marines and sailors) with this letter: "Dear Sir, enclosed please find two issues of our magazine, one of which is devoted totally to the Navy. We hope this will help you in your briefings and give your men a better understanding of things 'stateside.' And by the way, the next time you discharge a man on the incredibly trumped up and meaningless charge of being gay, be sure to give him our address. We are always looking for models. Best . . . The Staff of IN TOUCH."

—Ed

ERROR CONTROL

Really now! If it makes gays feel more secure to speculate which celebrities are our own ("Famous Gay Women and Men", issue #56), there is no particular harm in it, and if it helps to give some of us more

pride in ourselves and our way of life, more power to it! But I do wish Mr. Kepner [author of "Famous Gay Women and Men"] would not misstate historical facts which can easily be checked in even a decent one-volume encyclopedia. It makes one doubt the validity of his conjectures about all the persons he names. For example, it would have been damn difficult for Wiley Post to have disappeared with Amelia Earhart in 1937, since Post was killed in 1935, with his friend Will Rogers in a crash during take-off. Similarly, far from being denied the Poet Laureate designation because of *In Memoriam*, Alfred Tennyson gained the laurels quite largely because of the poem's popularity and retained the post for the remaining 42 years of his life. Victorians on both sides of the Atlantic, and the Queen more than most, had a romantic obsession about death and mourning, so Alfred's maudlin elegiac for his "dearest friend" was a runaway best seller. I will give Mr. Kepner the benefit of the doubt that the reference to Hadrian's world-famous lover, Antinous, as "Aninuus" was a typo rather than another lapse of his own. Please, Mr. Editor, more accuracy and less wishful thinking in justifying our orientation.

Robert Jenkins
Albuquerque, NM

Thank you, Mr. Jenkins for setting the record right. When we contacted Jim Kepner at the National Gay Archives, he explained that the piece had been written hurriedly to make the deadline for the Los Angeles 1980 Gay Parade booklet (from which we reprinted it.) Kepner thought he had caught the error about Wiley Post, which must have slipped back in when the parade booklet was being copyset. The Alfred Tennyson mistake, he said, was the sort of blunder that happens "when things are done in a rush." Once again, thank you Mr. Jenkins. Our staff is so small here that we have no research department and in a case like Mr. Kepner's, we assumed that anyone who was the head of the National Gay Archives would have his facts down. We welcome all of our readers to pitch in, as Mr. Jenkins did, and help us make IN TOUCH the best magazine it can be.

Ed.

ONE FROM THE HEART

Thank you. I have been trying to deal with my sexual identity for some time now and it hasn't always been easy. But then I subscribed to your magazine and

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found that others have had the same problems. Your letters section was extremely helpful. Although I am not ready to "come out" at this time, my attitudes have changed. I'm not quite as fearful as I used to be, but I'm in no way bold. (This must sound awkward to you, but this is the first time I have written a letter like this.) I guess I really want to thank you for who you are, what you are, for doing what you're doing. I just hope that someday all the prejudices against gays cease to exist. I must remain anonymous at this point in time.

Anonymous
Tucson, AZ.

This letter touched us a great deal, particularly because it was written on the blank inside of an expensive thank-you card. Judging from the time it arrived, we assume it was a response to our June gay-rights issue (#56) and it made us all the more conscious of our purpose and of the many tortured lives that are still being lead in America—and shouldn't have to be. Come out into the light. Grow with us.

—Ed.

CHRISTIAN MAN WRITES

For the first time ever I'm writing about a model in a magazine! Christian De Vito—what a man! Words like sexy, hunky, and erotic are inadequate. He's my idea of what every man would like to be. I don't remember ever having solitary sessions while fantasizing with pictures in a magazine. There are two separate fantasies. The first is of the two of us in bed, each giving and receiving all the pleasures our bodies desire until finally the essence of all that is Christian erupts, filling my mouth and flowing into me as he lies back, a satisfied smile and a contented glow on his face.

The second fantasy is of Christian in bed alone, bringing pleasure to himself. He spreads his magnificent body over the soft, white sheets, writhing in pleasure as one hand works his rigid manhood and the other caresses his muscular chest, roughly massaging his hardened nipples. His face reflects all the pleasures he is feeling until suddenly he explodes, splashing his magnificent chest and rippling stomach with the sweet, white nectar from within his very soul and a satisfied glow spreads over his face and now relaxing body. God, how I wish these were more than fantasies! I'd give everything I have for one night of pleasure in his arms. Please, please give us more of Christian De Vito! A hopelessly captured De Vito fan...

Larry Mowry
Houston, TX

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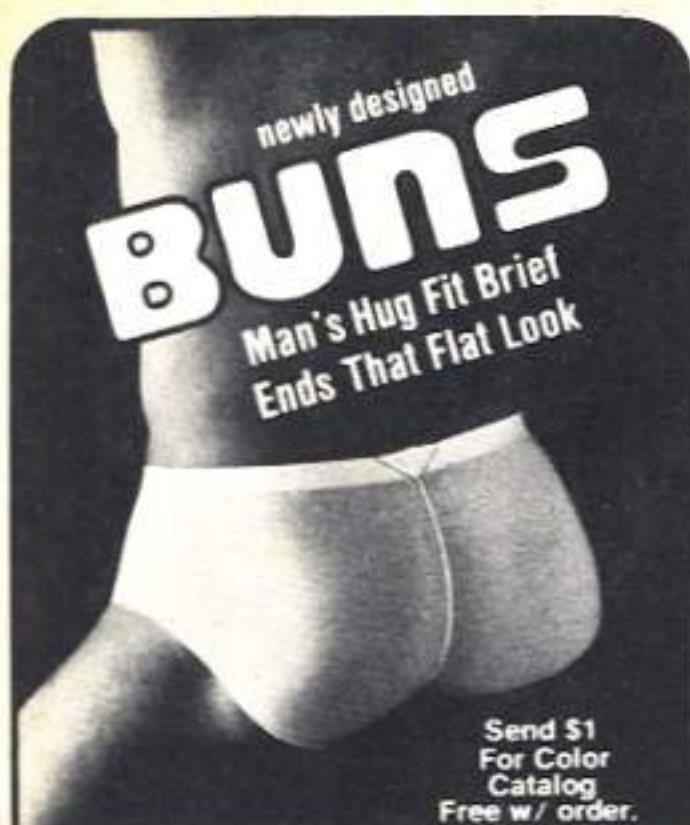
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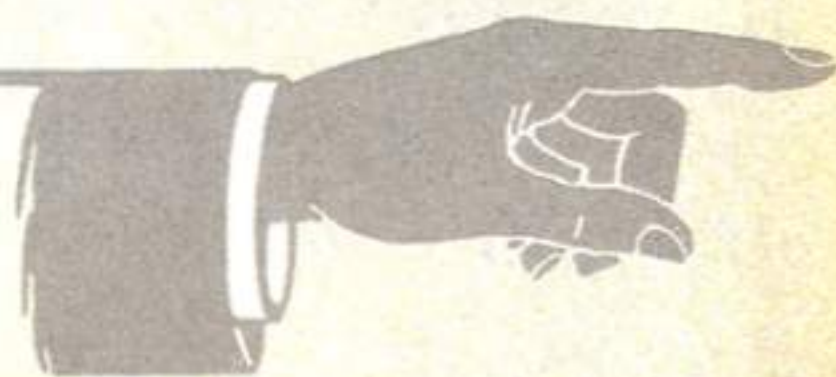
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DON'T TURN THAT PAGE!



... without reading this. On the next page we reprint an article that totally split the gay community last April when it appeared in *New West*. In it, author Elizabeth Kaye delineates her homophobia—or unrequited love affairs with gay men, depending on your viewpoint. When the article appeared, some gay men thought it was right on target; others that it was a deceitful piece of muckraking. One straight woman we know thought it was "obscene to see someone flaunt their nonsensical hatreds so nakedly."

Opposite the article is a rebuttal from writer Stewart Weiner. We'd like you to come to your own conclusion—and if you have close women friends, by all means, have them read both pieces too. Hopefully, these articles will stimulate conversation and provide us with a controversial Letters Column in the future.

Here then is our own private theater in the Eternal War Between Men and Women.

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... at sand
... the guy
... with the life-
... a swim alone.

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... versial biography of Truman
... o stranger to the backstage poli-
... hat sometimes goes on before a
... zine article sees print, he offers his
... ertise here. At the time of this piece,
... Weiner was making taxi money by
... working at the Unicorn bookstore
... in the heart of West Hollywood,
... L.A.'s upward-mobility
... gay ghetto.

PHOTOS BY RAY WEBSTER

Is your best friend a woman

Straight & Women Gay Men

by Elizabeth Kaye

This is a Sunday in Venice, California, though it could be any day, anywhere. In this scene just two elements are essential: I am one, the other is a young man. What you need to know about me is that I am in a hurry. What you need to know about the young man is that he is clearly one of that 10 percent of the male homosexual population that is doing for gay rights what bra burners did for the women's movement, men who have found it necessary and presumably beneficial to embellish their behavior with all the diminutive cuteness I so long ago found it necessary to edit out of mine.

The young man is employed by a neighborhood market and is behind the cash register, in front of which is what appears to be an interminable line. A long, stalled line is the perfect place for unremarkable frustrations to accumulate, and when the young man and I are finally face to face, suddenly *he* is the recipient and focus of all my tension. The look I give him is unmistakable. The look says: FAG.

The young man knows this. I sense he can also see how rushed I am, for the look (Continued on page 30)

*"I finally decided that
...homophobia has
nothing to do with
homosexuality,
however strange
that may
sound."*

Elizabeth Kaye is an Alicia Patterson Fellow. The names in this story were changed.

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— *who hates you?*

Gay Men & Straight Women

*“It’s not homophobia
that worries me.
It’s the new homo-
philia, the obsessive
infatuation with
gays.”*

Rebuttal
by Stewart Weiner

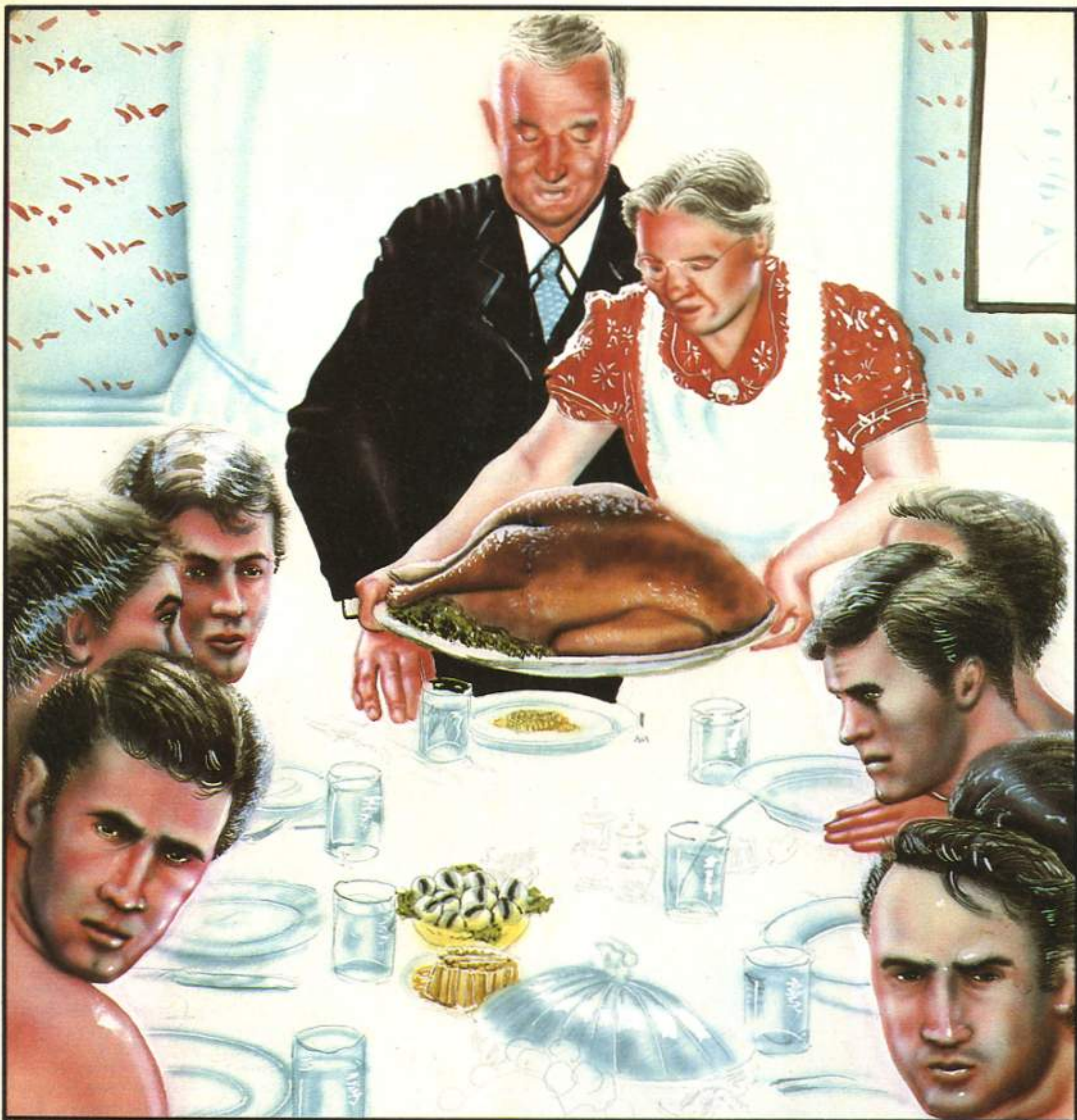
From where I sit every night, perched behind the cash register of a BoysTown bookstore on L.A.’s cruisy Santa Monica Boulevard, life looks pretty good for the average gay man. Plenty of disposable income. Lots of time to get into great shape. No excessive responsibilities to cause facial wrinkling. You get the idea. The stereotypical Charles Atlas-ad skinny wimp who used to get sand kicked in his face has turned into the guy who runs off to the showers with the lifeguard while the girls take a swim alone. Victim has become Victor.

(Continued on page 78)

Stewart Weiner is a former Senior Editor of Oui Magazine and is currently working on a controversial biography of Truman Capote. No stranger to the backstage politicking that sometimes goes on before a magazine article sees print, he offers his expertise here. At the time of this piece, Weiner was making taxi money by working at the Unicorn bookstore in the heart of West Hollywood, L.A.’s upward-mobility gay ghetto.

PHOTOS BY RAY WEBSTER





Hyena eye anyone?

Foods that will make stuffing the turkey take on an entirely new meaning.

Erotic Foods

by Leigh W. Rutledge

Casanova ate 50 oysters every morning for their aphrodisiac effect. The Roman naturalist Pliny recommended hyena eye with a dash of dill and licorice. Napoleon—as well as the Marquis de Sade—praised the near-pornographic power of truffles.

Probably since the beginning of civilization, man has searched for foods to help him get it up, keep it harder and enjoy it more. Like the Fountain of Youth, the cuisine of stimulation was thought to be foreign and out of the realm of ordinary life: peacock brain, flamingo tongue and such. In truth, plenty of everyday foods have aphrodisiac qualities—or at least are reputed to by the Ancients. Of course, if the challenge of the exotic is everything for you, there are also such allegedly out-of-the-way erotics as raw eel, "Rocky Mountain oysters" and turtle soup—more about these later.

But be warned. After trying some of these foods, you may become more uninhibited in bed than you want to be with someone who, frankly, knows your last name and address. Just remember there's always the excuse, "The garlic made me do it."

A man's stomach may be the way to a lot more than his heart.

Honey

Sexual powers have been ascribed to honey since ancient times. It is one of the most easily digested foods known to man and has a general soothing effect on the throat and stomach. To build sexual vigor, the Arabs recommended drinking a glassful of thick honey three nights in a row before going to bed. As an icebreaker, honey is said to be most effective when licked off your partner's swollen cock.

Shrimp

The Greeks have long sworn by the endurance power of shrimp. The South Seas adventurer Captain James Cook, famous for his sexual prowess (he reputedly took on ten native girls a day—who knows how many native boys at night), ate a special

shrimp dish every morning. Alas, the recipe has not come down to us. Shrimp are best when cooked in their shells.

Peanuts

At a South African high school, students were forbidden to eat peanut butter sandwiches because of the alleged aphrodisiac effects of peanuts. (Don't tell Annette!) Peanuts are high in vitamin E, which some people believe increases the sex drive.

Bananas

"Is that a banana in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?" Probably both. Because of its resemblance to the penis, the banana has enjoyed a large reputation as an aphrodisiac food. Sadly, there's no scientific evidence to back this up. However, since everything in life is what you make of it, we recommend placing slices of fresh banana along the crack of some hot stud's ass, smearing the whole thing with whipped cream, sprinkles, a maraschino cherry and then stuffing your face.

Chocolate

Rich in carbohydrates, an excellent source of quick energy, chocolate has long been considered an aphrodisiac. In the 17th Century, it was thought to be so powerful that monks were forbidden to eat it. Noted sexologist Havelock Ellis believed that it was fully potent. Not long ago, men working the night shift at a chocolate factory supposedly ate tons of the stuff and claimed to experience dramatically increased sexual desire. (They also claimed they didn't remember a thing the next morning.)

Oysters

Oysters are probably the best known aphrodisiac food. They are easily digested and rich in phosphorus. (Phosphorus is one of the most important minerals for the

proper functioning of the sex glands. Most seafoods have an abundance of it.) According to some sources, oysters should be eaten alive for the best sexual result. If that isn't very appetizing, try an oyster stew (cooked gently for not more than twenty minutes) served with asparagus, another allegedly erotic food.

Other Seafoods

Among the seafoods most commonly reputed to be aphrodisiacs are eel (best if eaten raw), octopus (especially when stewed in its own ink; a real favorite of those virile, oversexed Spaniards), kelp (seaweed), clams, lobster, bouillabaise and sailors.

Almonds

The Arabs recommended eating 20 almonds a day to build sexual strength and increase sexual desire. Mae West was also an advocate of the "king of nuts."

Chicken

The clucking kind. Chicken curry is supposed to be a strong aphrodisiac, as is chicken cooked with paprika or thyme.

"Rocky Mountain Oysters"

Bull testicles. They're considered a delicacy in many parts of the American West. Supposedly for the full aphrodisiac effect they should be eaten raw and as fresh as possible. If that sounds bad, keep in mind that the ancient Chinese and Hindus ate tiger testicles as an aphrodisiac, and that many cannibalistic peoples prize their victims' genitals for the same reason.

Onions

In *The Satyricon* (the world's first novel and one full of colorful gay characters), Petronius recommends raw onions as a cure for impotence. The Roman poet Ovid recommended onions, mixed with eggs

and honey, as an aphrodisiac. (Apparently, both men were oblivious to bad breath. Of course, in this age of toothbrushes and mouthwashes, that isn't as much of a problem.) One book recommends onion soup with grated Parmesan cheese.

Truffles

There's an old French saying, "Those who wish to lead virtuous lives should abstain from truffles." These expensive, exotic, underground mushrooms are rich in protein, phosphorous and iron. Their cream-in-your-jeans power has been acclaimed by George Sand, the Marquis de Sade, Casanova and Napoleon, among others. There is also a liqueur made from truffles.

Wine

Overdrinking, like overeating, is rarely a turn-on and almost never conducive to good sex. However, a little wine has long been regarded as a sexual stimulant. Sauterne, Beaujolais and Champagne are probably best. For some (including "straight" men eager to fool around), a couple of beers turns the trick just fine.

Spices

Among the spices reputed to be aphrodisiacs are cinnamon, Indian curry, nutmeg, cloves, paprika, thyme and cayenne pepper.

Come

There is probably no greater aphrodisiac. Delicious when piping hot from the source, it's fantastic smeared on a tight, full butt or on a pair of egg-sized nuts. Almost in the same class are sweat and—for the truly adventurous—piss.

Miscellaneous Foods

Other members of the cuisine of stimulation are caviar, peaches, tomatoes, peppermint, okra, marshmallows, toffee, turtle soup and sarsaparilla tea.

Anaphrodisiacs

Anaphrodisiacs are foods that supposedly inhibit sexual desire and decrease the enjoyment of sex. As such, these foods should be avoided. They include coffee, tea, lemonade, most fruit juices, vinegar, most pork, beans, heavy foods such as pasta or burritos, most hard liquor (with the possible exception of tequila and apricot brandy) and tobacco, whether smoked or chewed. ▲

STRAIGHT WOMEN & GAY MEN

(Continued from page 26)

he returns is replete with that special scorn reserved for he who has the real power. It is the look of a husband at the complaining wife he supports, of a picnicker at an annoying ant.

The young man rings up my purchase with such leisured, exquisite deliberation that I remember a small boy I used to know named Harry, whose happiest moments were quietly spent hanging cats by their tails. Eventually I leave the market and for one moment our looks are conjoined. We both know he won the round.

Later I report the incident to the man I live with, getting only to where I looked so contemptuously at the young man. "What are you so angry about?" he asked. I couldn't explain it. "I wish I knew," I said.

My reaction to the young man has a name. That name is homophobia, a word coined in 1972 in the book *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*, and a word I confess to having learned on the day I was asked to write about it. On that day, homophobia was explained to me by a kindly editor as meaning the fear and hatred of homosexuals, sentiments that have become increasingly widespread even as the word that designates them has achieved a certain quaint regionalism. In San Francisco, for instance, the term may have some currency, though in Los Angeles, most people seem never to have heard of homophobia, which may reveal less about the size and visibility of the city's homosexual population than about the fact that we who live in Los Angeles are notorious for things other than our deftness with the language. Thus, for some weeks, if a Los Angeles friend inquired what I was working on, I was able to say, "Homophobia, which is the fear and hatred of homosexuals," and to say it with all the sweet condescension of the newly informed. Then one day my mother called and at some point asked what I was writing. "Homophobia," I said, "which is—" "I know, dear," said my mother. "I'm from New York."

Homophobia is one of those generic words, and a form of prejudice not without its nuance and so to discuss it in general is about as useful as saying you want some ice cream without specifying the flavor. My own homophobic feelings, for instance, do not extend to gay women. This has in no way deterred me from becoming rabid on the subject of gay men, at times nearly flinching when homosexual men walk by, which in my particular neighborhood could have the unfortunate effect of causing me to appear to twitch. Equally, while men tend to despise gay men and gay women with matching fervor, there are nonetheless men who have no quarrel with gay men yet are utterly homophobic about gay women, usually because they perceive a lesbian proclivity as the rejection

and judgment of them that it so often is.

The homophobia I will talk about here is that experienced by straight women in regard to gay men, and in doing so I am aware of the neat historical irony that I, being Jewish, am writing this piece, which is above all one of those some-of-my-best-friends-are stories.

The homosexual friend who was to mean the most to me was a tall, spare man named Paul. We met in 1970, when to know a gay man was no longer a sure indication that you had your hair done in New York or Los Angeles, that you were in the theater or known for extreme broad-mindedness or having your house decorated. We found each other in a bookstore, where he worked nights after finishing his daytime job and worked primarily because he loved books, and not only reading them, but books as entities with pages and covers and bindings.

I just kind of understood that Paul was gay; at first neither of us mentioned it. And I knew it for reasons other than because he swished, which he did not, or because he did not make a pass at me, since I was not exactly what you would call pass material. When Paul and I met I was overwhelmingly underweight and raging and exhausted from the countless variations of games men and women find to play, and had generally reached the nadir of a life thus far distinguished by an uncanny facility for discarding one neurosis in favor of another, more severe one. So when I say I knew that Paul was gay, I suppose what I mean is that I deduced it from his desire to nurture, and from his gentleness, which says about the men in my life up to that time exactly what I intend it to.

Paul and I were good for one another; we balanced out. He was grieving over the loss of a lover it seemed to me he was well rid of. His emotions were copious and uncontrollable, whereas I was so removed from any emotion that when, at Paul's urging, I made a phone call to my father, from whom I had been estranged for some time, and we had a lovely talk that ended with both of us saying, "I love you," I had then hung up the phone, opened my datebook, and placed a neat little check beside the word "Dad." Both Paul and I needed to feel safe somewhere. We felt safe with each other.

Straight men have been known to assume that women who become friends with gay men are secretly jealous of the man on the grounds that he does a better job of being a woman than they do. That reveals a great deal about the male heterosexual understanding of what it is to be a man since it is my experience that gay men actually do a better job of being a man than most men. They do not expect to be waited on, for instance, nor do they be-

come angry with you when you get the flu. Nor do they stare with ill-disguised lust at women who pass your common path, and if they waste no lustful glances on you either, the truth is that most women involved in such friendships would just as soon avoid that anyway.

Best in these relationships is that they are founded in the truth that comes so bitterly to lovers, since from the outset it is perfectly obvious that you cannot fill the entirety of each other's needs. With mutual expectation so greatly reduced, the possibility exists that you might actually be able to enjoy one another, and Paul and I did.

Yet even then I had certain feelings about Paul's homosexuality that were not entirely positive, which I dealt with by not thinking about them, as I dealt with most things in those days. Had someone asked me, I would have said my reaction to his gayness was a vague uneasiness, but it was not; it was homophobia, as I can tell you now. But the point here is that to be homophobic does not reflect unwillingness or incapacity to have fine relationships with homosexuals. Were that the case, this article would be an exercise in making pure hatred appear rational and would be senseless at best. The point is also that homophobia exceeds the boundaries of its given definition and is not just hatred, not just fear, and is somehow shared equally by Charles Bronson fans, in whom one might expect it, and a lot of other people who would, or so one might assume, know better.

My particular type of homophobe, the otherwise enlightened kind, has in common with most homosexuals a fondness for the closet that has persisted until lately. In both cases credit for this goes to a stringent official homophobia, responsible for such niceties as an immigration policy barring homosexuals from the land of the free on the grounds that they are psychopaths, and so vehement since colonial days that what was then called sodomy was punishable by death, a penalty liberalized in 1777 in the state of Virginia when Thomas Jefferson, in a burst of warm compassion, changed the punishment to castration. This official homophobia, in conjunction with the homosexual's fear of parental and societal disapproval, created a rather curious situation since it meant that the assumption of homophobia, on the part of gay people, compelled them into secrecy and left the rest of us with very little overt homosexuality to be homophobic about.

not offer endless homophobic opportunities, since at that time gay men were rivaling Clark Kent for the leading of secret second lives, which usually included drinks at gay bars where you could pick up a drunk marine who was looking for a place to spend the night and who pretended in the morning that nothing had happened between you.

A little later in the decade, gay men

were still fraught with such paranoia that one gay man, an actor, trying to get work in Hollywood and aware that homosexuality was not exactly a character trait to list on your resume, recalls that when he actually dared to drive down Sunset Boulevard one spring day with his lover, on seeing Peter Lawford driving toward them, he had shoved his lover off the passenger seat and shouted at him to lie still on the car floor. Such sad discretions were accepted practice, so much so that a minor matinee idol who had lived with the same man for 30 years, after inviting Bette Davis to their home for dinner, gave his lover a dollar on the evening of the event, told him to go to the movies, and to stay there until after midnight.

Nor were the early sixties rollicking days for the homophobic, or for that matter for the homosexual, since to be an admitted homosexual still meant you had admitted it only to yourself and a few other of the similarly afflicted, and gay men still did not venture in pairs on the streets of Decent People, confining themselves instead to dinners at the home of what was called a Knowing Friend.

A particularly grim year for homophobia was 1962, when a major study, *Homosexuality*, was published. This was a scholarly and reassuring work that contained the wonderful information that homosexuality could be cured. It seemed that all a homosexual had to do, like Dorothy returning to Kansas in *The Wizard of Oz*, was just wish it hard enough—that, and lie down on a couch a few times a week and shell out a few thousand dollars. So you can see that it was no easy thing to be homophobic when it was patently clear that the poor creatures were just sick, and better than that, they knew it. Even better, they wanted help, and best of all what they wanted help for was to someday in the shimmering future Be Just Like Us.

Homophobia began to fester a few years later, when it became abundantly clear that they did *not* want to be.

The Gay Liberation Movement was born in the wake of the 1969 police raid of a gay bar in New York City, the Stonewall Inn, and the birth of what could be called social homophobia can be traced to that same event.

From then on, those whose most personal experience with homosexuality in men had been derived from reading Oscar Wilde, or from the public humiliation of Lyndon Johnson's aide, Walter Jenkins, were suddenly being treated to the coming-out stories of men they had known since high school who could now not wait to regale everyone they knew with those dewy-eyed renderings of I-never-knew-it-could-be-so-wonderful, and to recount details of the kind of experience, be it hetero- or homosexual, that is so utterly predictable and cliché ridden unless it is happening to you.

Increasingly, homosexuality impinged on everyone else's experience, and my

first inkling of how extreme this invasion was to be came in 1973, when I received an engraved invitation to the wedding of two homosexuals who, in what could be regarded as a measure of their continuing allegiance to the customs of the middle class, planned to tie the knot at a full-dress ceremony in Encino.

I am not entirely sure why I was the only woman invited to the wedding and pre-nuptial dinner, though it must have had something to do with the perfection of my persona as something of a Judy Garland who could not sing. The dinner had been remarkable for high spirits and a meal prepared by the one of the bridegrooms who was apparently the bride, a protestation of meat loaf, potatoes, and peas, a tad heartier, perhaps, than one might have anticipated.

After dinner, from the distance of the couch, I watched the men gather around the piano. They sang Noel Coward songs for hours, and late in the evening they joined arms and sang "Mad About the Boy." The next day both grooms looked crisp in their tuxedos, and two tiny plastic grooms adorned the top of the four-tiered wedding cake, and I refrained from burdening any of the 100 smiling male celebrants that all I could feel was the nasty edge of emotions I could not accurately identify and which I would not know went by the name homophobia until seven more years had gone by.

Not too long after this wedding, women ceased to wonder if the attractive man they had just met was married and wondered instead if he was gay. It compounded, and by the late 1970s, to paraphrase Dorothy Parker, if all the men I knew were laid end to end I would not be at all surprised.

The summer of 1977 I was in New York, living in the Village, where I seemed to be the last remaining heterosexual. I rarely sleep well, and that summer was a lonely time, and in the middle of the night I would walk through the streets, and no one ever bothered me, I could not have been safer: that hot summer in Greenwich Village it was fashionable to be a boy.

I lived two blocks from Christopher Street, where a Haagen-Dazs stand was open until four in the morning. At any hour of the night a line of pert little men snaked into the street, their passion for one another apparently exceeded only by a passion for chocolate chocolate chip. All up and down Christopher Street that summer men in short shorts and sandals and cutoff tops licked their ice cream cones with sensual deliberation. It was as near to an orgy as I am likely to get, and from that summer on I regarded any homophobia I might have formerly experienced with the amused nostalgia with which someone with bronchial pneumonia might recall a cold.

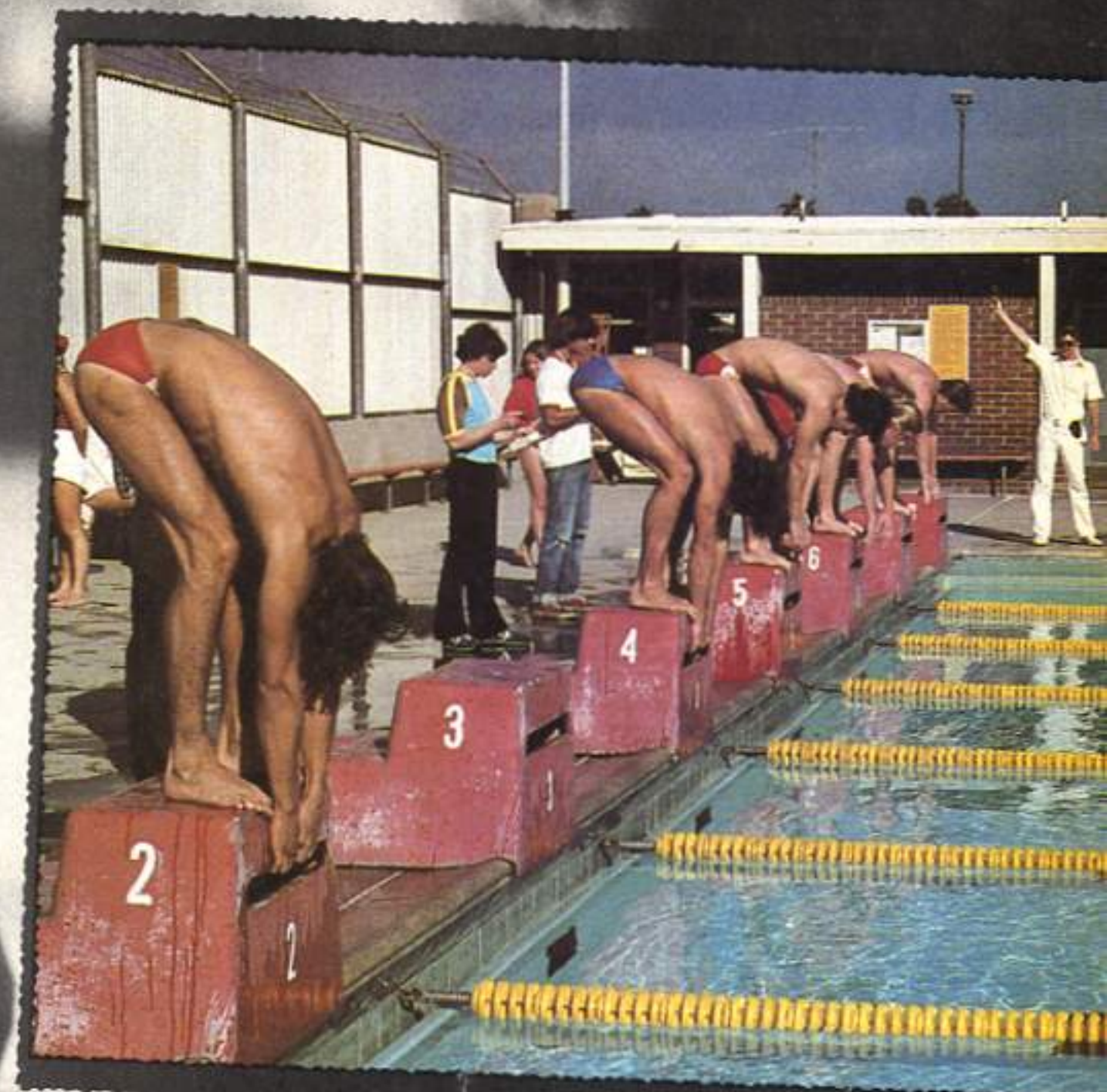
In the spring of 1979 a rather perverse
(Continued on page 38)

SWIMMER BODIES

Photos by
JOE TIFFENBACH

Swimmer bodies are so pointedly streamlined that one might say the penis comes as an abrupt and unnecessary appendage—that is, if one were losing one's mind. Of all athletic bodies, swimmer bodies are the most sophisticated and modern. Form follows function without an ounce of drag. No fat, no musclebound muscles; even the hair on the chest and legs is often shaved. Everything conspires toward propulsion. Nothing must delay the bullet penetration of the water.





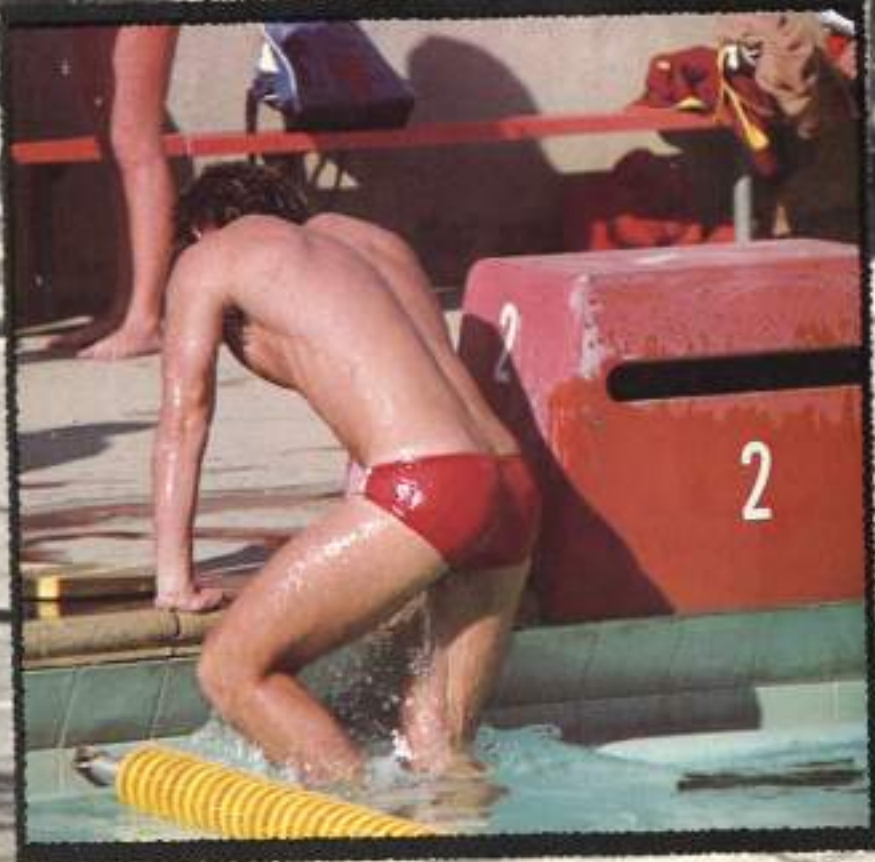
Speedos are charged with eroticism as fetish garments but has there ever been a more gratuitous athletic uniform? Swimming is the sport where you see the most flesh. Perhaps the worst thing that ever happened to the sport—from where we're sitting—is the instant replay. You'll notice that TV will always run an instant replay

whenever a swimmer is climbing out of the pool and making his wet, sleek way over to the diving board. Anything to hide his blatantly outlined manhood. Here we present those moments at swim meets you won't see on television, when the bodies are magnificently revealed—singular, articulate, four nylon inches away from nudity.





**GOD MADE
SWIMMERS
BUT MAN MADE
SPEEDOS.**



incident occurred. It seemed to me I might be falling in love with a man named Robert, and the peculiarity in this attachment was that I was an out-and-out homophobe by then and Robert was an out-and-out homosexual. Not that he had not been involved with women, but then so had most gay men.

Our alliance was of the platonic order, described by the pejorative Just Friends. After a month we were both so captured by the sense of possibility that seems to predominate primarily in couples who do not yet know each other well that we thought we could continue as we were indefinitely, or at least until one of us met the right man. We had good times, we could talk about anything—anything, that is, except Robert's homosexuality and our feelings for one another and a few other small details that a casual observer might have considered pertinent. With all critical information thus withheld, as rarely happens with friends and happens often with lovers, whether or not Robert and I actually slept together made no difference in a sense, since we had found a way to bypass sex and directly immerse ourselves in the particular lies that tend to accompany it.

We went on long walks. We had lovely picnics in the woods. We had many candlelight dinners of bread, fruit and cheese. However pleasant these activities, only much later did I learn that throughout them Robert was as consistently concerned about my expectations as I was about his intentions, though there certainly were some indications that we were both operating under some strain. Every night, after Robert left, I would return to the dinner table, where I remained until I had systematically devoured every bit of food that was left. It was during this same period that Robert, who had not had a cigarette for a year, went back to smoking.

Then came a night when I looked at Robert and without really wanting to said, "Why?" We both knew exactly what I meant. Robert looked at me and took a long drag on his cigarette. "I like lean, manly bodies," he said. It did not entirely amaze me that from then on things were never the same. Robert felt inadequate to what he assumed my desires were, whereas I felt unjustly perceived by Robert. If he knew me at all, I would tell myself, he should understand that regardless of what amorphous heterosexual fantasies I might be secretly entertaining, to be who I am could only mean that the one thing I would do about those fantasies was negate them. I had several women friends who had been sexually involved with gay men, but even if such an involvement were to my taste, it was certainly not to my style. I lacked what seemed to be the essential

certainty of one's own desirability; there was no way in the world I could convince myself that if only Robert would sleep with me I could provide the great watershed event that would turn him irrevocably into "a man."

To take a centrist view, I am going to report that there are two types of sexual relationships between women and gay men: the kind I understand and the kind I don't. I do not understand how a woman can absorb that the man she loves, however much he may want her, will for all eternity crave another man, and I assume that digesting these opposing realities requires a sanguinity of saintlike proportion that I am truly in awe of but will never possess. What I do understand is how it is possible to move swiftly from I-don't-care-I-love-you-anyway to I-never-want-to-see-you-again, and it was that scenario I could foresee for me and Robert, and it did not appeal to me one bit. I had seen too many other women grapple with it and had noticed that they knew the rejection was essentially impersonal and that it did not mollify them in the least.

Still, Robert and I continued our white bread romance and tried to ignore the ways in which we were coming to loathe one another. We might have continued like that had it not been for Robert's friend Billy.

Robert, Billy, and I spent some time together, more than we should have, and though Billy and I were fond of each other it was quite obvious that we were both distinctly fond of poor Robert.

On Robert's birthday a party was given for him; I was to be the only straight person there. Billy had been invited, and I knew I should stay away, but I went, telling myself it would be instructive and useful, a chapter in some future novel that had been unplanned until that precise moment. At the party Robert was the center of an assemblage of men who wore alligator shirts, and it was so apparent that he belonged with them. That warm afternoon, with more of a flair for reality than I have on occasion exhibited, I just decided to pass. Robert and Billy walked me to my car, and before I had put the key in the ignition Billy said, "Robert, come look at this flower," and Robert did. I still visualize them, holding the same waxy red flower, a study in the inevitable and early love observed through my rearview mirror and carved indelibly in my mind.

After that I hated Robert, and with such a special fury that I was forced to make some effort at understanding just what it was that now absolutely repelled me about all male homosexuals. I allowed for the possibility that I was in the throes of a temper tantrum induced by rejection, but I had, of course, felt rejection before and knew what it felt like, and this was different. I then decided the hatred stemmed from the fact that homosexual men had found a way to avoid the relationship between a man and a woman, the relation-

ship I thought was indisputably the most difficult and significant, and which I frequently embarrassed myself by calling, from that point on, "the real arena." After that I pictured neat, clean Robert in a phone booth, a vertical glass box in which he could shelter himself from the real challenge and hurt in this world. When a gay friend asked, "If I have an urge for another man at age seven, how is that hiding from anything?" I ignored the question.

But then Robert fell in love with a man, not Billy, and when the affair ended he called me and we saw each other again. There was real pain in Robert's face, and they were real tears he was trying not to cry, and I understood homosexuality was a refuge from nothing.

Six months later, when I was asked to write about homophobia, that incident was the first thing I recalled. I decided that if I was ever to learn what homophobia is I was going to have to do it by learning first what it isn't.

Each of my homophobia theories seemed initially sound and indisputable, largely because the bulk of them did not originate with me, thus giving them that aura of legitimacy that is balm to the insecure.

To discuss a number of these theories I selected my friend Gregory, who is nothing if not blatantly gay and who, when we meet in a Beverly Hills bar, tells the waitress that if she will bring him some coffee and Sweet 'n Low he will love her forever.

This was my first encounter with Gregory in some time, our relationship having halted abruptly when I was seeing Robert and at the exact moment that Gregory had called me a "fag hag." This is a phrase whose intention is insulting. It is used to pigeonhole women who seem so pathologically afraid of sex that they are capable of relating only to men who are homosexual. Fag hag is also a term appropriately descriptive of women whose personal histories with the hostility of heterosexual men have convinced them that it is preferable to forego sex in order to experience certain, warmer feelings, such as being liked. I believed, of course, that I was typical of the latter category, which is either true or just another of the ways we learn to accept our failings, by calling them virtues. Gregory believed I was typical of the former definition, and thus our friendship terminated, even though I retained affection for Gregory, whom I reluctantly admire for being bitchy in a way it seems that only men can get away with being nowadays.

We meet to discuss a homophobia theory based on this proposition: one is homophobic because classically limp-wristed behavior is embarrassing to women, and to the concept of femininity, and is like deriving what is masculine from the behavior of an ape.

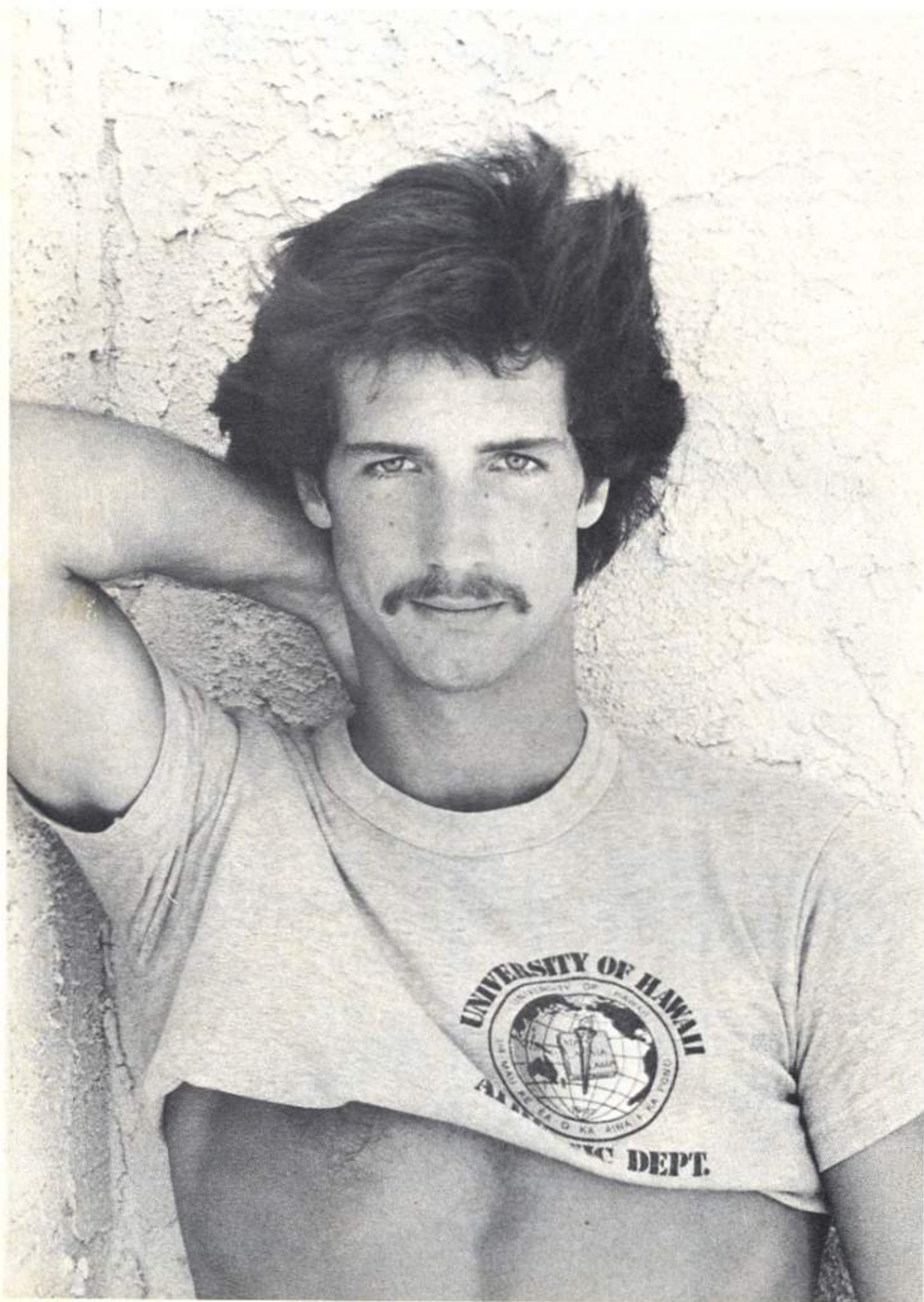
But we are in the archetypal Beverly Hills bar, where the word "tight" can be
(Continued on page 77)

*"We think in generalities, we live in detail."
—Alfred North Whitehead*



PETER *He's tall*

The photo studio that took these pictures told us that this boy's name is "Peter English, is 21, a junior at the University of Hawaii, a surfer and a track star." Why not. We thought you'd enjoy these.



Photos by ZAK DRUMMER/COLLEGE STATION



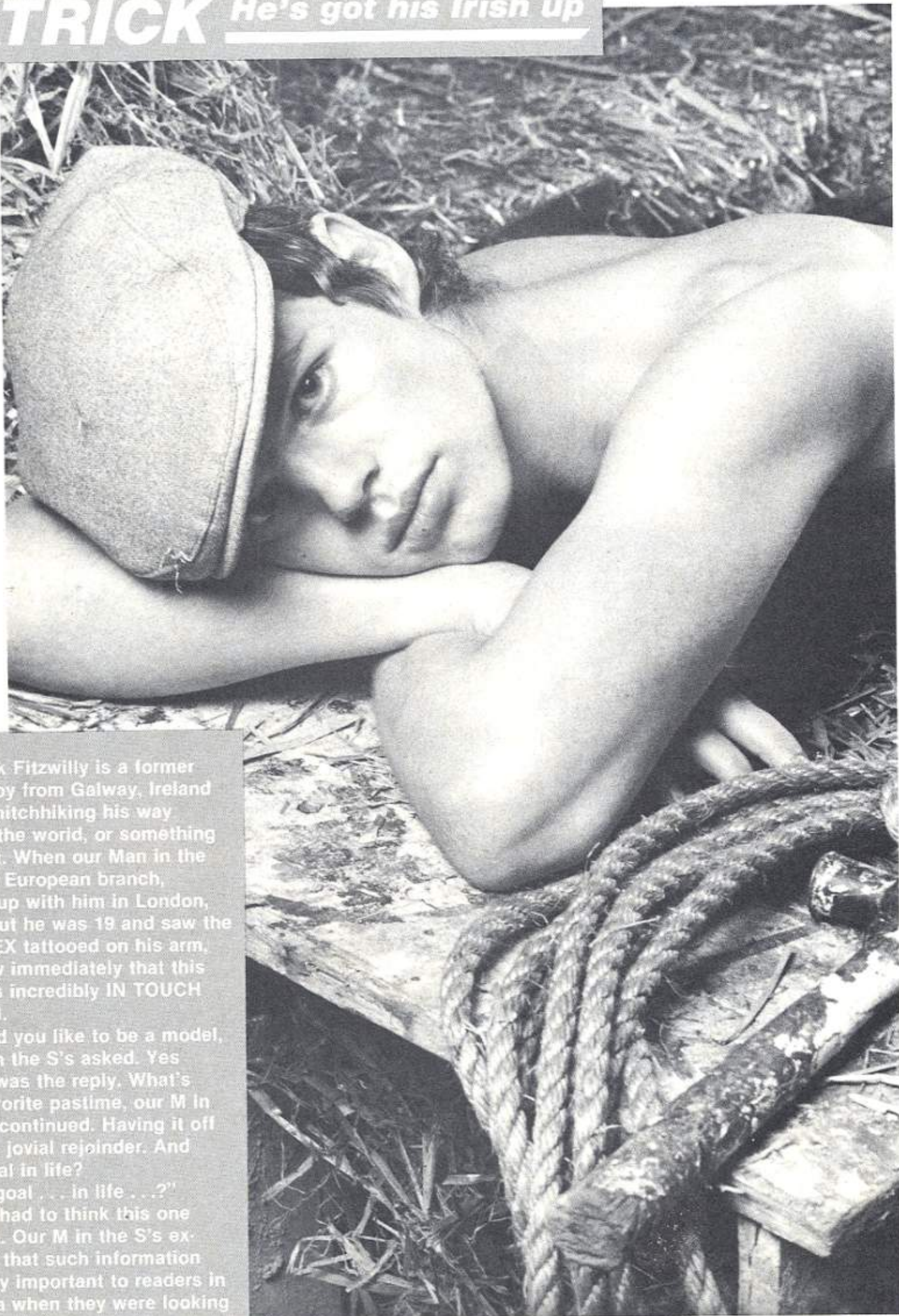








PATRICK *He's got his Irish up*



Patrick Fitzwilly is a former stableboy from Galway, Ireland who is hitchhiking his way around the world, or something like that. When our Man in the Streets, European branch, caught up with him in London, found out he was 19 and saw the word SEX tattooed on his arm, he knew immediately that this boy was incredibly IN TOUCH material.

Would you like to be a model, our M in the S's asked. Yes please was the reply. What's your favorite pastime, our M in the S's continued. Having it off was the jovial rejoinder. And your goal in life?

"My goal . . . in life . . .?" Patrick had to think this one through. Our M in the S's explained that such information was very important to readers in America when they were looking at pictures of naked men.

Photos by VEX

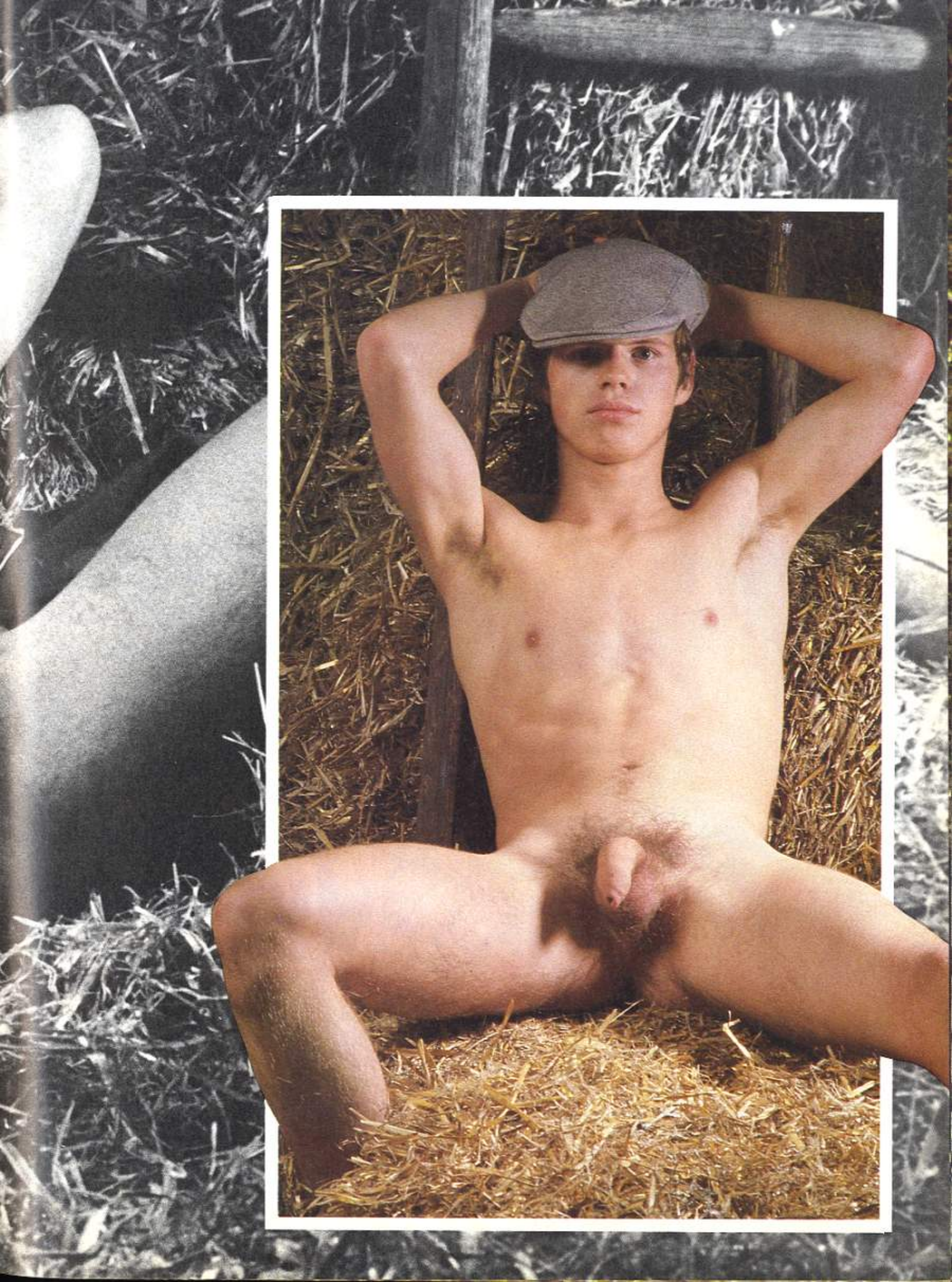


"I got it," Patrick said suddenly. "My goal in life is to see the world and get as far away from the stink of horses as I can!" The lad could not conceal his eagerness as he waited for our M in the S's to tell him where he would be whisked for the shooting. Majorca? Capri? Brighton at the least. Our M in the S's told him the shooting would take place in a stable.

Patrick did not take this well. He ranted. He raved. He turned red from top to toe. At one point he had to be spanked . . . with our M's tongue. We will spare you the tacky transatlantic details. Suffice it to say that Patrick ended up in the hay (literally, as you can see) and our M ended up with the warmest, sweetest post-rim smile we have ever seen.

Now if only England and Ireland could work things out like this, what a hunky-dory world this would be. (Tell us our boy copy isn't socially relevant. Just tell us!)







BO He's a 10

NAME: Bo Richards.

AGE: 18.

HOME: San Diego, California.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Surfing, wrestling, competition Frisbee.

GOALS: I want to be a slot-machine repairman like my cousin in Las Vegas. They make good money.

HOBBIES: Getting high.

LAST BOOK READ: *High Times* Magazine.

INSIGHTS: I heard the Eagles were gay. Is that true?

WHY POSING FOR IN TOUCH: You pay me money for just taking my picture? No sweat, man.



FURTHER INSIGHTS: I like sex period.

ANY STATEMENT ABOUT MEN: Some of my best friends are men.

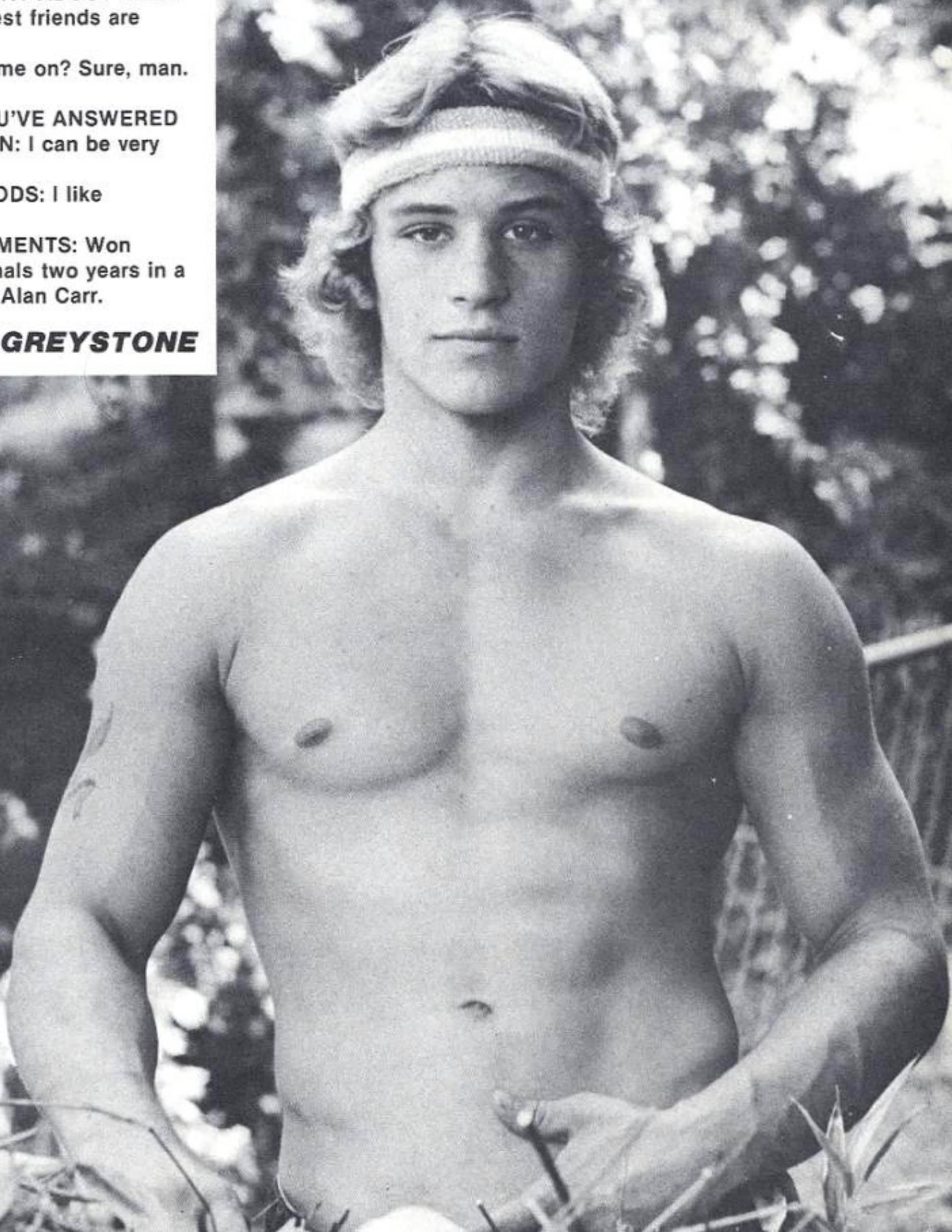
COME ON: Come on? Sure, man. Here.

WE THINK YOU'VE ANSWERED OUR QUESTION: I can be very friendly.

FAVORITE FOODS: I like everything.

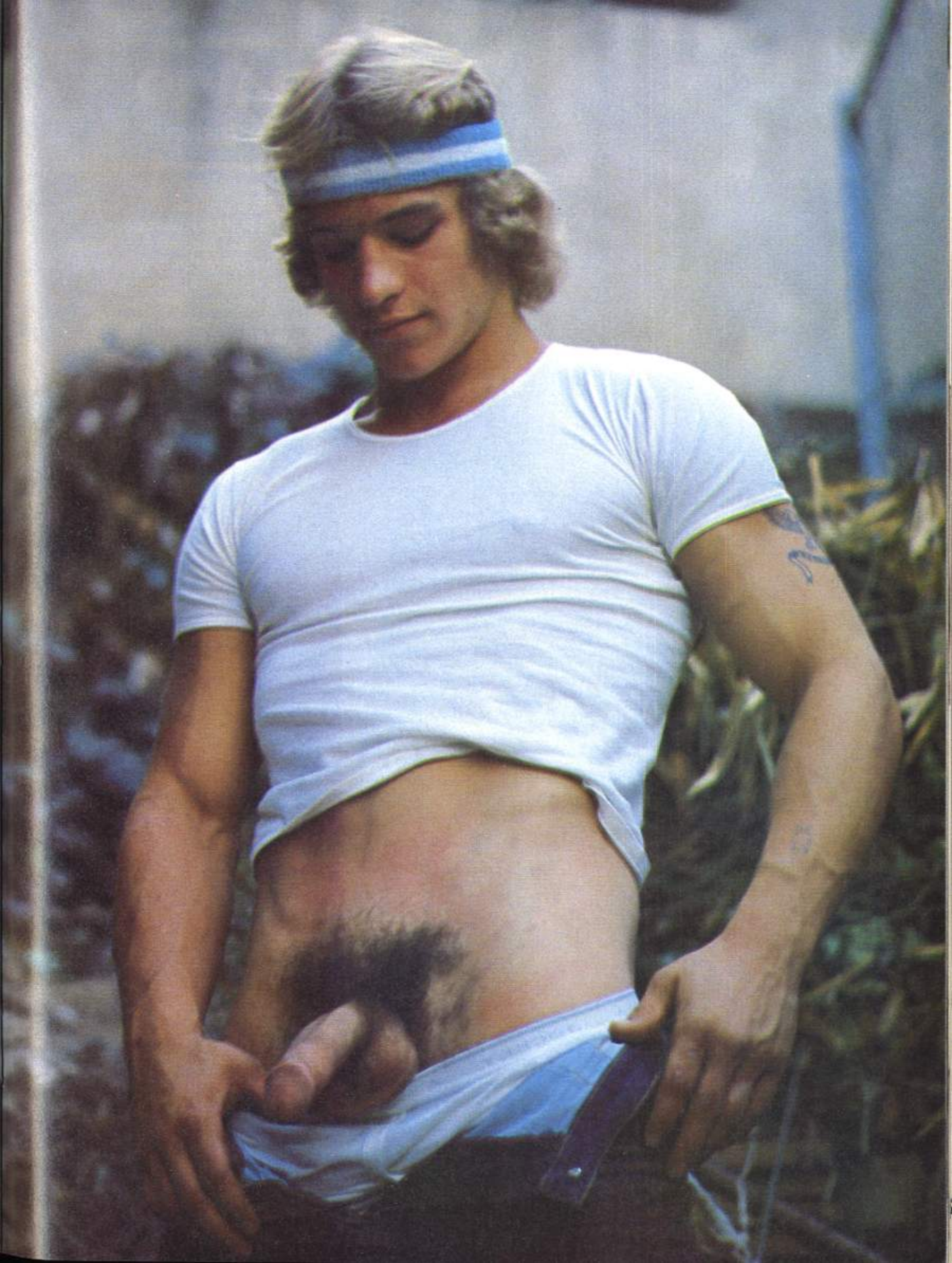
ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Won Frisbee Regionals two years in a row, once met Alan Carr.

Photos by GREYSTONE











DAVID

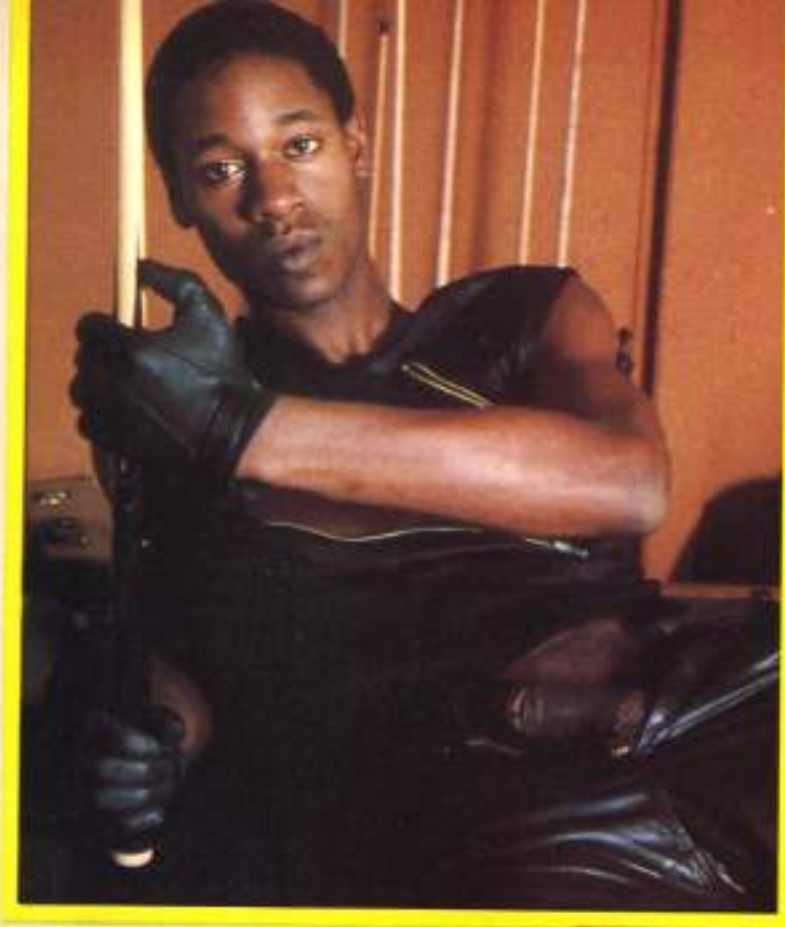
He's game

At 25, David Dobbs is one of San Francisco's best pool players. But playing pool is not the only thing this boy is good at. He wears leather very well. Not to mention sectioned stomach muscles. We really don't know much more about David except that he has one of the most eloquent, long-muscled, modern bodies we've ever had the pleasure to put between our covers.

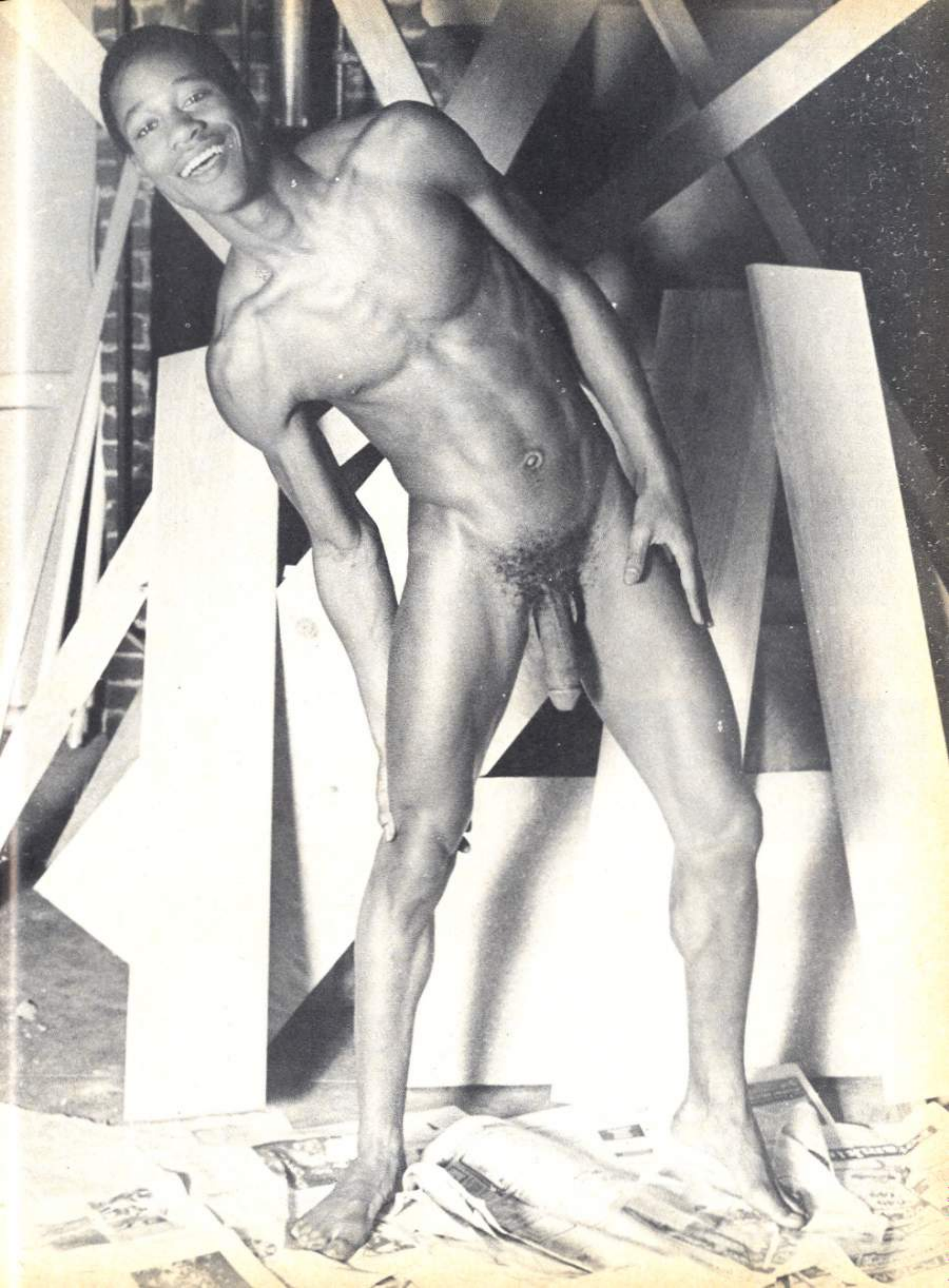
Now if we could only put him between a bun. Yum.

Photos by FORCE 1









MERMEN

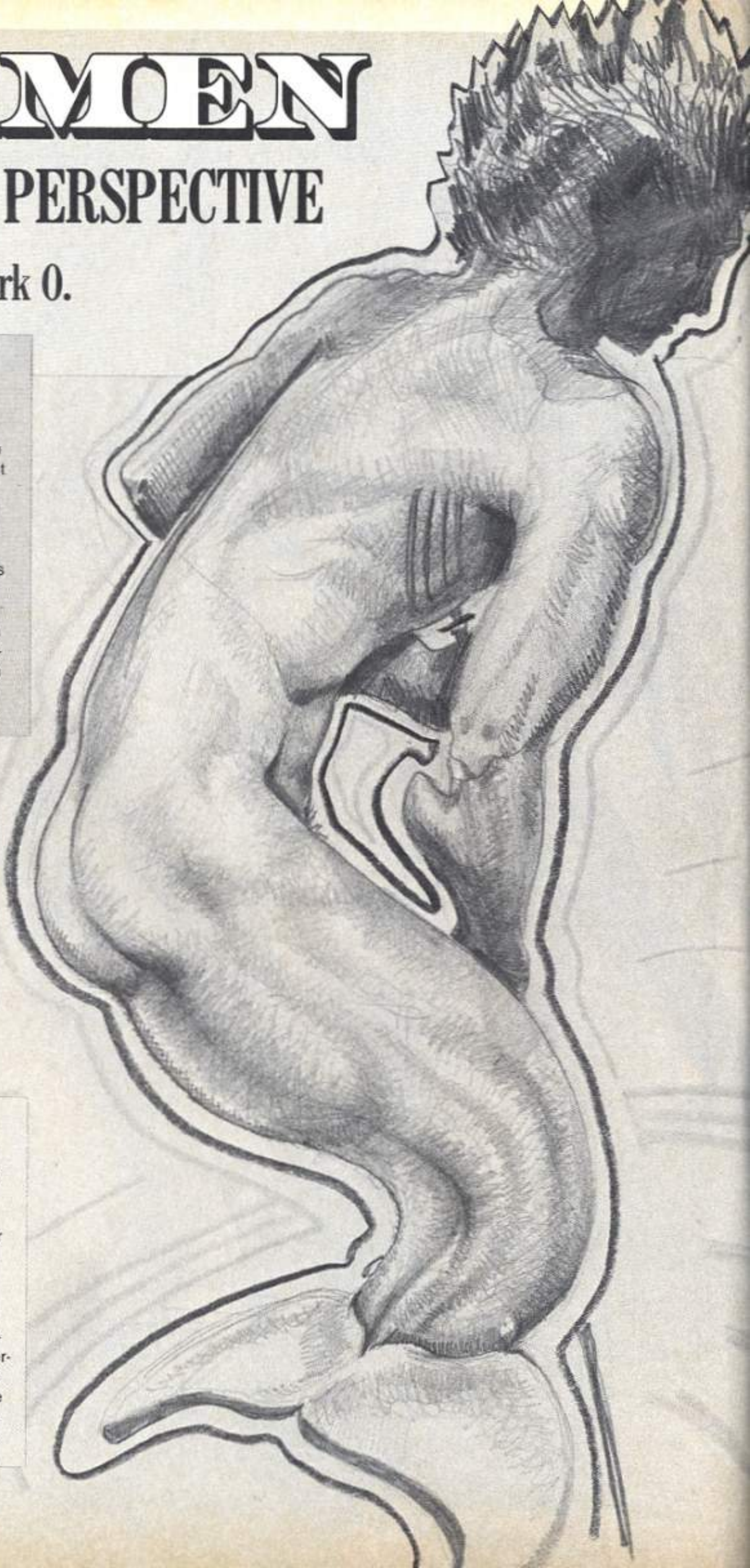
A SOCIOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVE

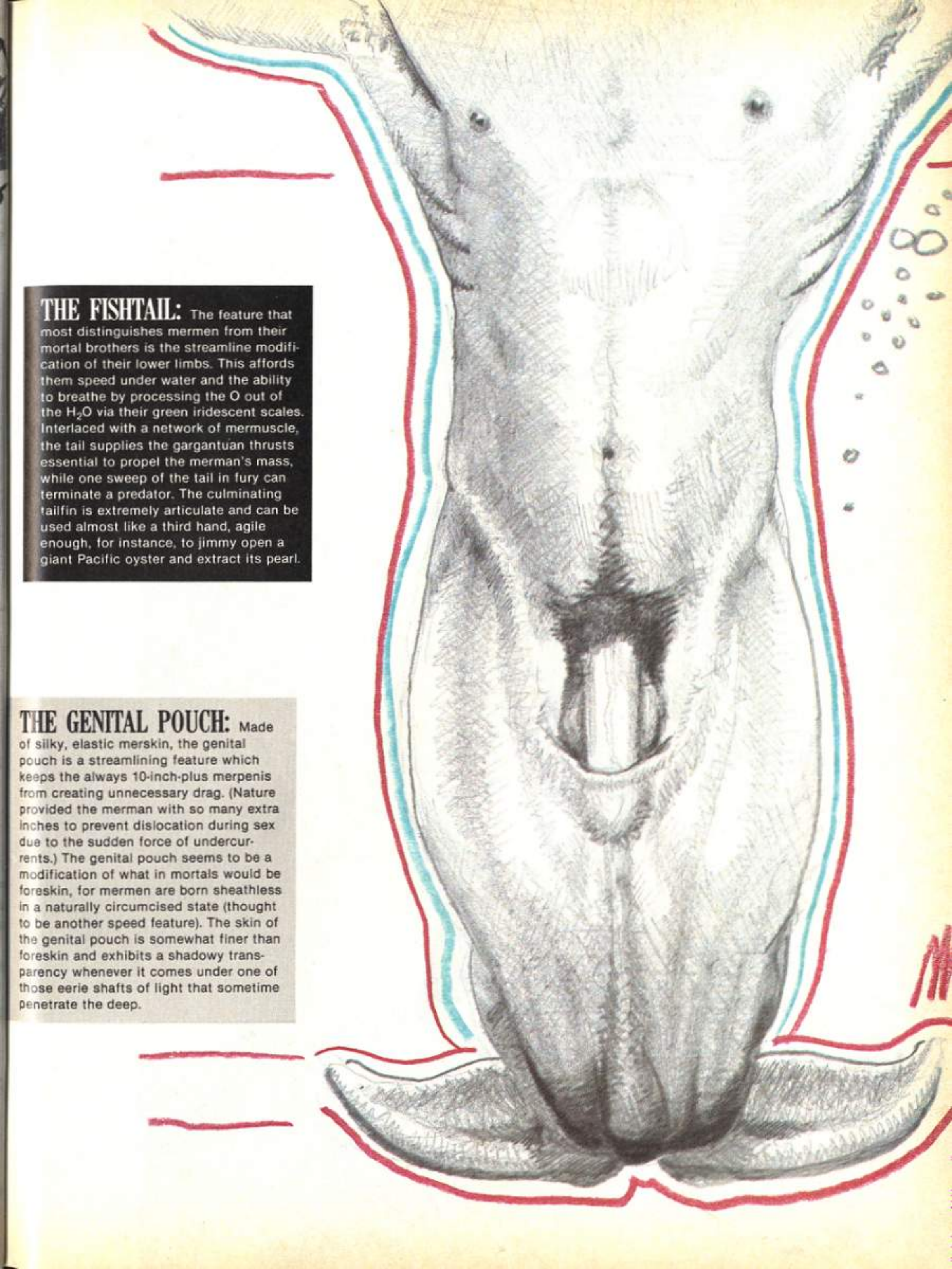
by John Calendo & Mark O.

The existence of mermen has been known since ancient times. The Greeks sang of their exploits, the Romans sculpted their finny beauty, the Spaniards etched their aquamarine images on maps and manifestos. But one fact about mermen that has been suppressed is that they are an exclusively homosexual culture. Mermen copulate with mermen; mermaids with mermaids. Reproduction resembles that of spawning fish. Schools of sexually playful mermaids deposit their eggs, like so many pearls, along clean, well-lit, underwater fields. Mermen fertilize the eggs during fabulous serpentine orgies when their sperm drops down incidentally. Thus the race continues, with both sexes coexisting amicably.

Between mermen and mermaids, intense friendships, even love affairs (though usually without copulation) are not unheard of. But more about mersexuality later. If you are to understand the merman, you must first understand the merbody.

ANATOMICA: Man and Merman have a common ancestor. According to the Oracle at Vesuvius, mermen are the sons of Neptune, god of the sea, while mortals are the sons of Demeter, goddess of the earth. Neptune and Demeter were brother and sister and thus had a common progenitor—one of the Elder Gods, overthrown by their brother Jupiter. Your nice typical Greco-Roman family. Things got even nicer when Neptune and Demeter came together one fortuitous night off the Pillars of Hercules, and the results were mermen and a race of mortals that would later be known as sailors, surfers and marine biologists.





THE FISHTAIL: The feature that most distinguishes mermen from their mortal brothers is the streamline modification of their lower limbs. This affords them speed under water and the ability to breathe by processing the O out of the H₂O via their green iridescent scales. Interlaced with a network of mermuscle, the tail supplies the gargantuan thrusts essential to propel the merman's mass, while one sweep of the tail in fury can terminate a predator. The culminating tailfin is extremely articulate and can be used almost like a third hand, agile enough, for instance, to jimmy open a giant Pacific oyster and extract its pearl.

THE GENITAL POUCH: Made of silky, elastic merskin, the genital pouch is a streamlining feature which keeps the always 10-inch-plus merpenis from creating unnecessary drag. (Nature provided the merman with so many extra inches to prevent dislocation during sex due to the sudden force of undercurrents.) The genital pouch seems to be a modification of what in mortals would be foreskin, for mermen are born sheathless in a naturally circumcised state (thought to be another speed feature). The skin of the genital pouch is somewhat finer than foreskin and exhibits a shadowy transparency whenever it comes under one of those eerie shafts of light that sometime penetrate the deep.

ETHNOLOGICA: Merman racial types are the exact reverse of ours. Mediterranean mermen, for instance, are brilliantly fair while North Sea mermen are passionately dark. This ethno-switch is related to mersexuality which, as we shall see, is hopelessly attracted to and, in fact, dependent upon the seed of mortal man. Thus, the blond merman is better at luring the swathy Mediterranean while the hirsute North Sea mermen can easily catch the heart of the platinum Scandinavian.



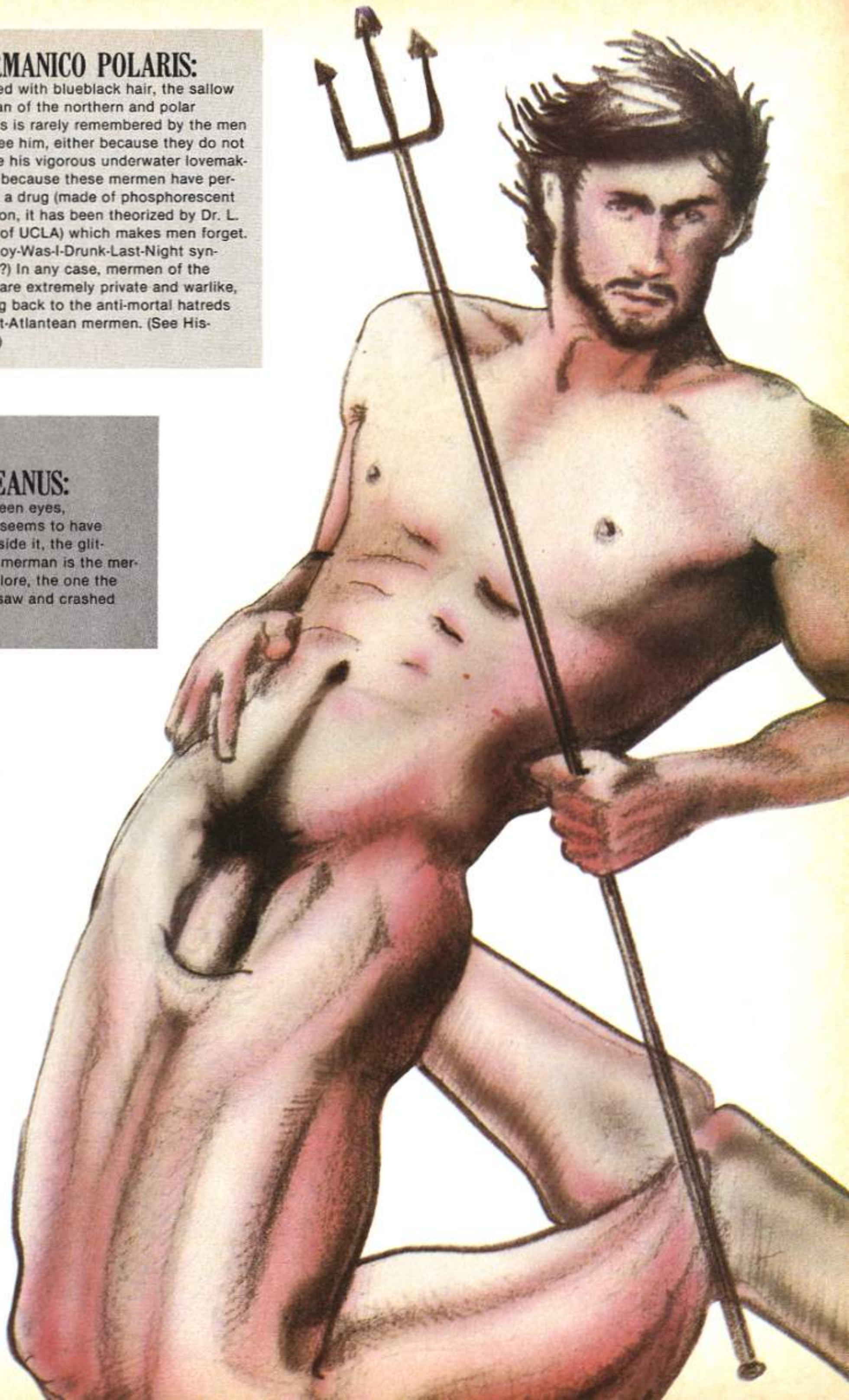
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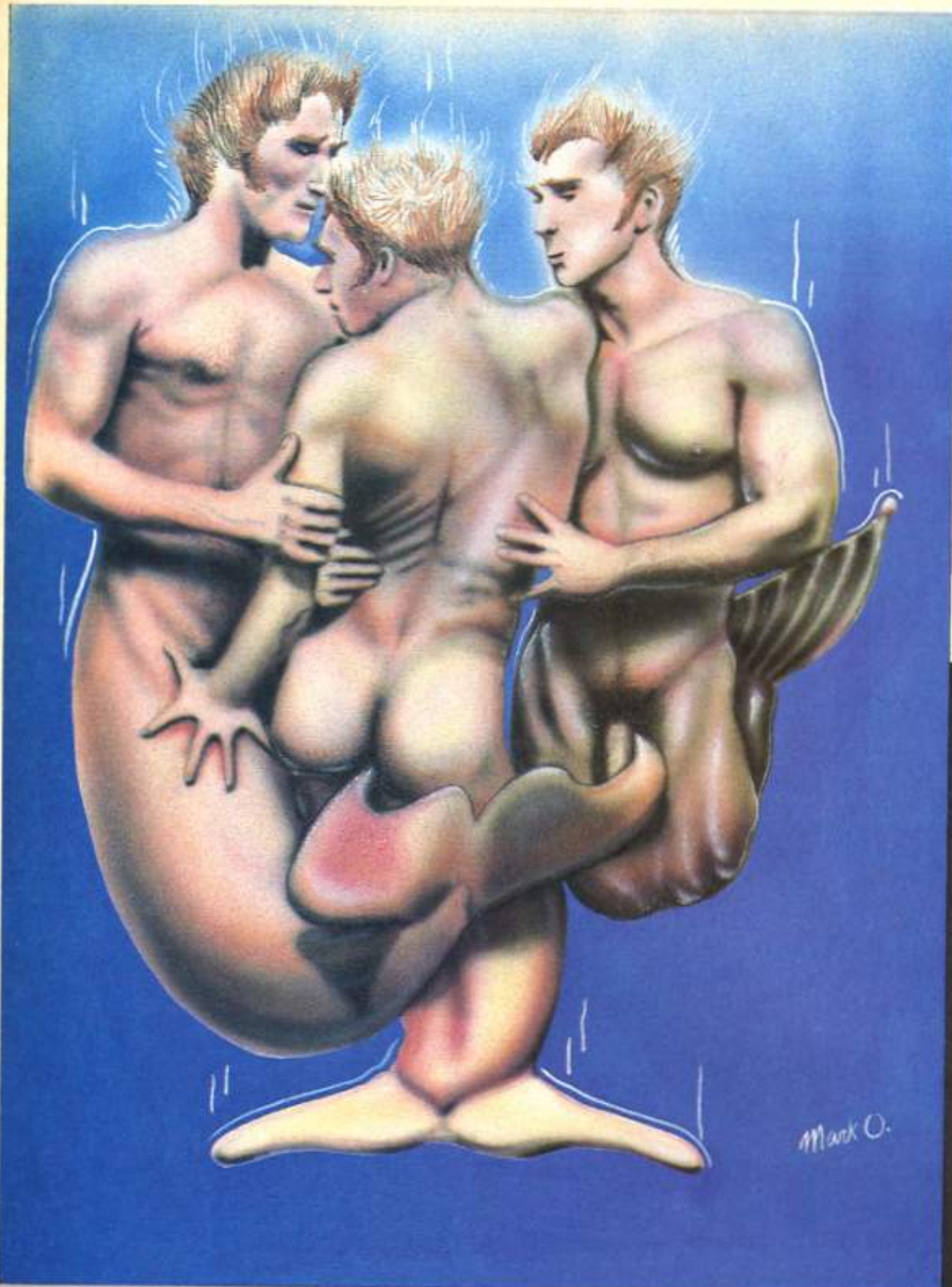
MERMANICO POLARIS:

Covered with blueblack hair, the sallow merman of the northern and polar regions is rarely remembered by the men who see him, either because they do not survive his vigorous underwater lovemaking or because these mermen have perfected a drug (made of phosphorescent plankton, it has been theorized by Dr. L. Webb of UCLA) which makes men forget. (The Boy-Was-I-Drunk-Last-Night syndrome?) In any case, mermen of the North are extremely private and warlike, harking back to the anti-mortal hatreds of post-Atlantean mermen. (See *Historica*.)

MERMANICO MEDITERRANEANUS:

Blond hair, blue or green eyes, wet coppery tan that seems to have sunbeams trapped inside it, the glittering Mediterranean merman is the merman of myth and folklore, the one the Greeks and Romans saw and crashed their ships over.





What does make them different is that they often seem more evolved. The care and protection of the eggs, the education of the merchildren is especially dear to these conservators of culture who assume their task willingly and with such shining-eyed dedication that it must surely be its own reward. Parenting, then, is done on a generational rather than a directly biological basis. If this sounds like Plato's *Republic*, it is because the merpeople taught this form of social organization to the Atlanteans, who, in turn, impressed Plato with their superior culture.

Mermen are so sexually charged by the sight of mortals that they have made a fetish out of our lower extremities. These legmen to the nth degree have been known to salvage shoes and socks from shipwrecks before precious gems and gold. (The latter they developed a taste for during the Atlantean period when they had open commerce with mortals.) Certain mer-paintings that a sociologist might deem as "de facto pornography" heavily feature limbs—walking, running, especially crossed (particularly erotic because it approximates the fishtail silhouette but is just different enough to be powerfully stimulating).

All this interest is not accidental but serves an evolutionary purpose, however unconsciously. Mermen need mortal sperm mixing with theirs in their genital pouch if they are to achieve the right genetic balance. Otherwise, their offspring might lean too much to the fish side of the spectrum.

SOCIO-SEXOLOGIA: Mermen are decidedly homosexual. As explained elsewhere, sex for them is purely recreational, with reproduction occurring as an incidental. Once the mer-eggs have been fertilized, they must be protected from predators. This is done by the older merpeople. Being immortal, merpeople do not grow old and die (though they can be destroyed, devoured, harpooned or can succumb to exposure when they are too long out of seawater) so older merpeople look no different than their young counterparts, nor do they feel different or is their agility and sexual prowess less.

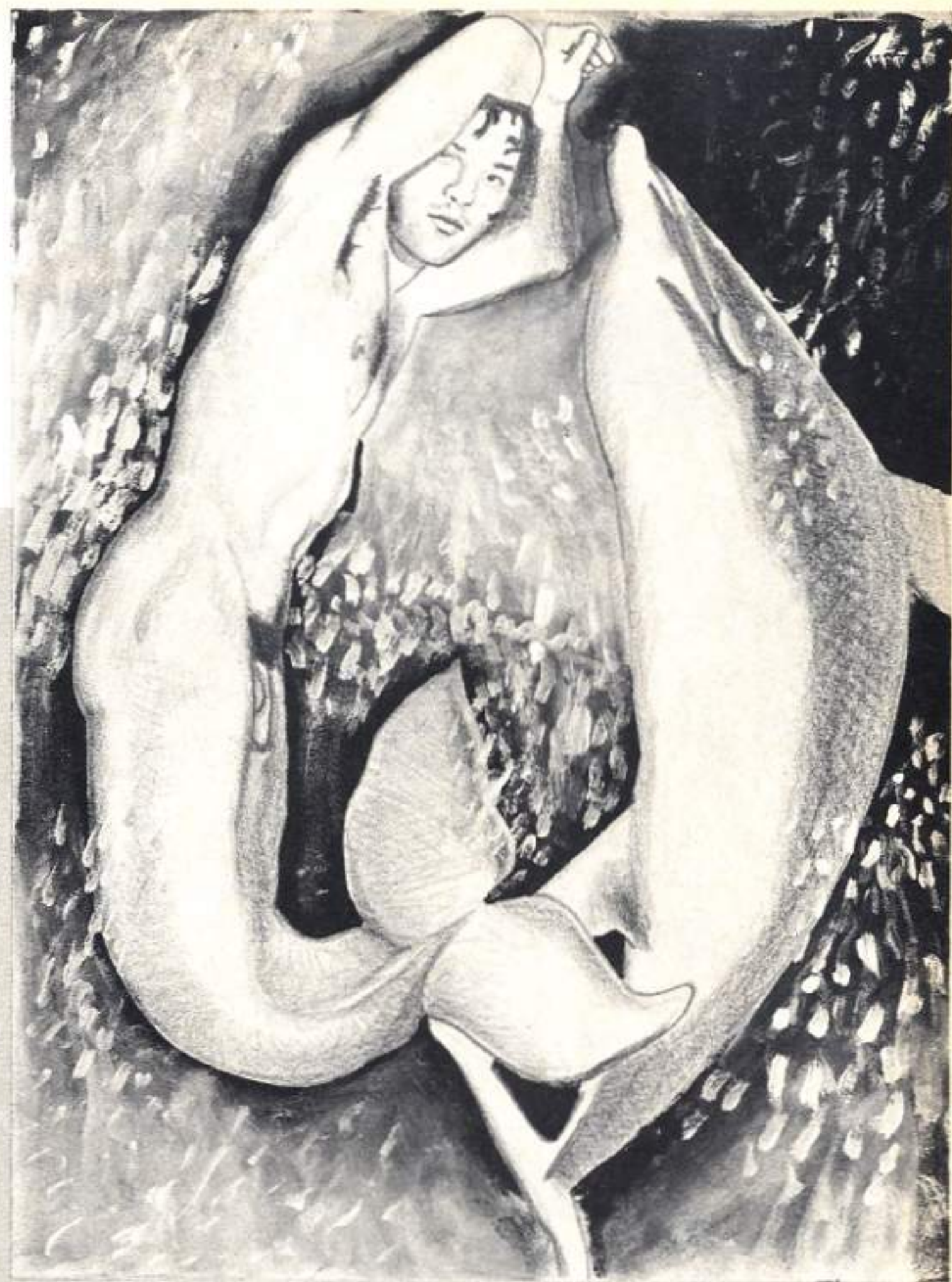


Mermen do not like telepathic communication, as is sometimes thought. They do this underwater out of exigency. In reality, they prefer the sound of the voice (again a trait picked up from the Atlanteans) and often surface to sing. The merman has a high, thin tenor—sounding remarkably like Neil Young's—that immediately grabs the mortal listener with its poignant and penetrating quality. Needless to say, the voice of the merman is his most legendary lure.

HISTORICA: In contrast to the Oracle at Vesuvius, the evolutionary theory states that man came out of the sea. This may explain why while man was using his psychic energy to adapt his biology to the earth, mermen were quietly advancing into the mental zeniths. This, then, is the feature that distinguishes man from merman more profoundly than the simply cosmetic fishtail. Man, bearer of the prehensile thumb, can adapt, is characterized by his craftiness at survival. Merman, on the other hand, comfortably riding the waves, in tune with the most basic of earth's vibrations, its very heartbeat, is blissed out in a sort of Zen unawareness. All of which sets the stage for the strange history of men and mermen.

The Golden Age: There was once a vast mermanic empire under the sea. Science, art and architecture flourished. Merpeople took only a sexual interest in the races of the earth but as man began to build ships, the mermen became more interested. Shipwrecks were particularly fascinating—the merpeople not quite realizing that lives were being lost and not everyone could breathe underwater—because of the bizarre flotsam of human baubles. Eventually, a few mermen here and there began to trade with the Phoenicians, Greeks and Norsemen that plowed the upper reaches of their environment. The mortal merchants tended to be of the basest element and with their primitive cunning easily took advantage of the mermen. It was not until the mermen met the progressive inhabitants of Atlantis that a true cultural exchange began. Both sides learned a great deal, with the relentlessly inventive Atlanteans learning too much, setting off what, in effect, was the first H-bomb. The explosion shifted the polar axes and caused geographic catastrophies, the most spectacular of which was the sinking of Atlantis and the devastation of the empire under the sea.

The Millenium of Vengeance: The anger of the merpeople was as childishly violent as their trust had been childishly



naive. Mermaids, knowing now the heterosexual bias of sailors, made it a point of honor to lead as many ships to the rocks as possible. Mermen bred enormous sea serpents and set them loose in the most traveled channels of the sea. After the destruction of the mermanic empire, merculture dispersed and, in some places, petrified (the treacherous seas of the North, for instance, where the isolated mermen have never worked out their hostility toward mortals). Because the Millenium of Vengeance coincided with our own Era of Exploration, mermen have become—somewhat justly—synonymous with disaster at sea.

The Dolphin Revolution: In time, the now nomadic merpeople wore out their anger and amost against their will became interested in mortals again, especially their flying machines. Telepathically in sync, merpeople concluded that the best way to coexist with man was to

do without him. Rather than fight their fish natures any longer, the merpeople gave into them and willfully mutated into dolphins. It took one generation to do this. Not all mermen followed suit, but the Dolphin Revolution was 80 percent universal. Freed at last from a sexual dependence on mortals, the mermen, now dolphins, realized that they had been too long involved in human affairs and had actually developed altruistic feelings for man, finding themselves watching over him at sea. (It is well documented that dolphins will often come to the aid of drowning swimmers.) It is believed that in moments of extreme crisis, dolphins can turn back into mermen, though no one has ever seen this and it is offered only as conjecture. The non-dolphinic mermen who exist today tend to be tribal offshoots out of sync with main merculture. They remain as lusty as ever but may be a bit bloodthirsty. Caution is advised. ▲

POLL RESULTS!

YOUR ALL-TIME FAVORITE IN



In our last anniversary issue (#50) we ran photos of our most popular men, starting with beefy Paul Behus from Issue #1. Then in issue #53, we reprised our most popular men of 1980 and included a ballot so you could vote for your All-Time Favorite IN TOUCH Man, as well as your favorite 1980 IN TOUCH Man: Here are the results:

THE ALL-TIME FAVORITE MAN (RUNNERS-UP):

COLLECTORS: Each model is followed by the issue number of IN TOUCH that he appeared in. Also, when appropriate, the number of TOO HOT TO HANDLE (TH). For back-issue info, turn to page 18.

ESMERALDO BAIRE

10) MARLO #52 TH#12

Marlo still lives in his native Puerto Rico, and has caused more than one of our readers to visit the island in hopes of an encounter.

ITE IN TOUCH MEN

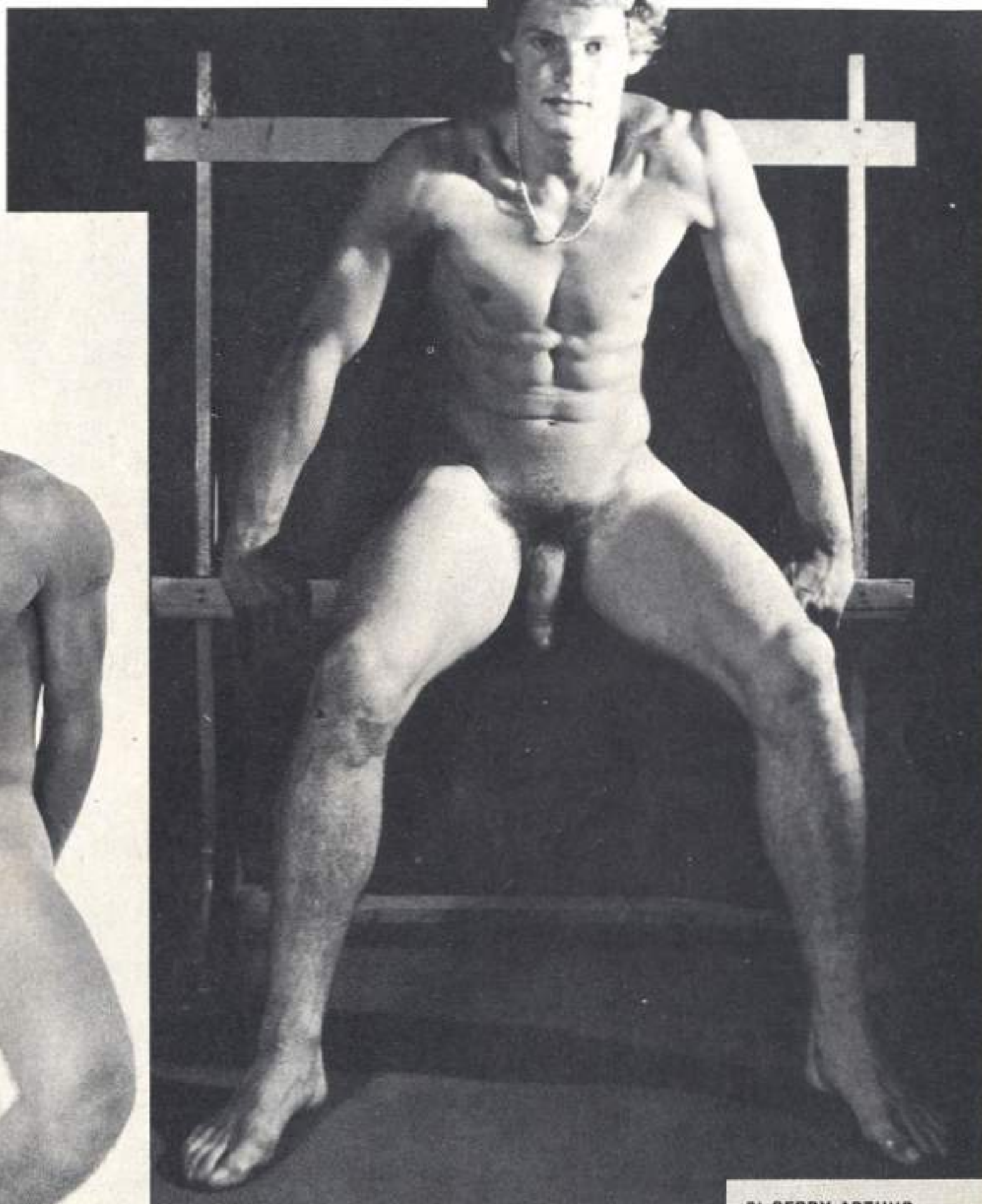
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to page 18.



LAINIE NIELSON



DUDLEY CARVER

9) DANNY DELANEY #20 TH#1

Danny was a Princeton drop-out who came to Hollywood for the hell of it—we hear he had such a great time that he's still here.

8) GERRY ARTHUR #23

Gerry is married and lives in England.



7) REX JOHNSON #49 TH#10
 Rex disappeared one morning
 in Palm Springs without a
 trace—a close encounter?
 Earth to Rex, Earth to Rex ...

6) CHRISTOPHER JAMES #45
 Christopher's biggest dream
 at the time of the shooting
 was to move to Hawaii. He
 did—and moved back. We
 hear he opened a fashion bou-
 tique in San Francisco and is
 very successful.

VISUAL COMMUNICATION

TROY SAXON STUDIOS

5) GORDON GRANT #45 TH#8

An Alaskan who did construction work on the pipeline, he became a legendary porno star whose name alone can sell a film.



ROY DEAN

4) CHRIS SILBERHORN #49 TH#10

A gay-rights activist who says he wanted to show his body because he feels it is time for gay people to come into the light, Chris is now co-owner of an adult bookstore in Bozeman, Montana.



CHRIS SILBERHORN



2) STEVE ESPIE #50 TH#11
Steve is still with his uncle.

KENSINGTON ROAD

HUGH HARRISON

3) DAVID MILLER #7

David became a professional weightlifter and hulked-out to a tremendous size.



And now, the
winner is . . .

THE ALL-TIME FAVORITE IN TOUCH MAN

KIP NOLL #46 TH#9

A world-famous porn star who started at 18—at most!—Kip still lives in his native San Diego, works as a machinist, makes no pretense at being straight, does not want to be an actor particularly, just has a hell of a good time making gay suck-fuck films. Cheers, Kip, you're our kind of guy!



WILLIAM HIGGINS STUDIO

And now, turn the page for . . .



THE TOP TEN MEN OF 1980

You guys really spooked us with this one, Kip Noll, who won All-Time Favorite, somehow managed to come in *last* here! You figure it out. Well, anyway, Steve Espie still holds second place, reassuring us that some things, at least, remain constant in an inconstant world. Thank you, Steve, you've taken a heavy philosophical load off our shoulders.

YOUR FAVORITE 1980 MAN (RUNNERS-UP):

- 10) KIP NOLL #46 TH#9
- 9) TODD BROCKE #49 TH#10
- 8) GORDON GRANT #45 TH#8
- 7) CORY PATTON #48 TH#10
- 6) RICK MILANO #48 TH#10
- 5) BLAKE PALMER #50 TH#11
- 4) CHRIS SILBERHORN #49 TH#10
- 3) REX JOHNSON #49 TH#10
- 2) STEVE ESPIE #50 TH#11

And now, the winner is . . .

YOUR FAVORITE 1980 MAN:

CHRISTOPHER JAMES #45

VISUAL COMMUNICATION

STRAIGHT WOMEN

(Continued from page 38)

applied to everything from shirts to pants to smiles. So while I embark on this homosexuals-embarrass-women treatise I can do so with only lessening conviction, since we are surrounded by women engaged in that ritual act known as flirtation, who could be accused of imitating the behavior of overt male homosexuals and who seem to do a fine job of embarrassing themselves.

But I am laden with opinions on homophobia and can discard this first one that begins in the slogan "We Don't Overpopulate," favored by gay men and which I became quite taken with after hearing from a man I know that while walking through San Francisco with his wife and daughter he had received hostile looks from gay men who called him a "breeder." The gist of this theory is that through a life that precludes children, homosexuals become "children of all ages," as the ringmaster of the Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus must still say, persons whose childhoods, while perhaps not the best, are certainly the longest, the oldest boys in the world, an army of Peter Pans. This being so, those who forsake being parented for being parents are prone to regard them with that special hate that devolves on circumventors of the rules by more conventional players. I am convinced there is something to be said for this, and, as is my custom, I say it at great length, only to be rather gently interrupted by Gregory, who points out that this argument is rooted in the erroneous assumption that gay men do not want children, which agitation by gay couples for the right to adopt children might suggest is not the case.

The majority of his gay friends, he says, do want children, and he himself so wanted a child that he thought of trying to no longer be homosexual, only to conclude no such option existed.

In offering this information, Gregory's natural hardness has dissolved and left him as soft as chocolate melted in the sun. "I still want to have a child, though," he says. "I don't know why that should be so surprising." "Then what will you do?" I ask, softly enough to match the tone he has taken, and the inquiry turns him back into his bitchy self again. "I don't know, darling," he says with extreme annoyance. "Call the stork, I guess."

There is a side street in that part of West Hollywood that extends along Santa Monica Boulevard from La Cienega to Robertson and is currently known as the Great Gay Way. On that street a boutique carries posters of Mr. Olympia and sells Ted Kennedy lollipops and has some telling window displays. In the right-hand corner there is a small cutout picture of Marilyn Monroe, that photograph that features her skirts flying around her waist.

Beneath the picture is a hand-lettered card: MARILYN CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF PASSING GAS. In the center of the window there is another hand-lettered file card: TASTEFUL BLACK VASE UNBELIEVABLE \$10.50. It is this boutique I think of when a friend suggests that homophobia may have something to do with a heterosexual aversion to a homosexual style that runs to a predilection for Bette Davis movies and kitschy boutiques like this one. I think this over for a few days and during that time go to a store in Ocean Park at which there are four other customers. Two of the men are homosexual, one black, the other white; both have combs protruding from their back pockets; both smoke Virginia Slims and wear Lacoste shirts. A woman buying carrot juice wears magenta leg warmers, a striped purple and yellow leotard, and an orange band around her head. There is also an Oriental girl in red and white running shorts and an Elvis Costello T-shirt.

I report this only to point out that ours is an age of style, a style so overbearing and possessed of so little relation to what we might actually be that in Beverly Hills cowboy hats can become de rigueur. The unpleasant aspect of this style has nothing to do with what it might signal about sexual preference and everything to do with what it indicates about an overall paucity of ideas and vision, overabundant style being what you get when people lose interest in making decisions for themselves.

It is in this sense that style is disturbing, and whether it be homosexual or heterosexual style is of no consequence, unless for some reason that eludes me it is intrinsically more odious to wear a small alligator over your left breast than it is to wear the name of a fashion designer embroidered on your behind.

Jim is a paragon of homosexual style, although I was unaware of that when we met. All I knew then was that he looked nice, if warm, in a flannel shirt with a T-shirt under it and jeans, and only later did I discover that he was sporting what is known in gay circles as the Lumberjill Look.

Jim is in his late thirties, and we met through a friend who told me I would never take Jim for a homosexual, which is true, and did not tell me how remarkably successful Jim has been in maintaining the attitudes usually associated with adolescence, viewing the world through a sexual prism that would have gratified Freud.

It is not surprising then that both of Jim's ideas about homophobia center on sex, the first of which is that homophobia results from heterosexual disgust with the physical acts involved in gay sex. This is a thesis I have heard voiced by no small number of male homosexuals, who have apparently not noticed that heterosexual porno theaters now feature such delights as *Hot Buns*, and voiced always with a faint air of self-congratulation that I would somehow expect to have been rendered

obsolete with the release of *Deep Throat*.

Moreover, there is some evidence, that heterosexuals are actually titillated by homosexual sex, as one might deduce from the "lesbian pages" of magazines like *Penthouse*, and as one might be convinced of from a Masters and Johnson report, which cites homosexual fantasies as the fourth most frequent sexual fantasy of men and the fifth most frequent of women. Still, some truth exists in this appalled-by-gay-sex theory, though it applies solely to homophobia in men, since at the conscious level straight men do tend to be horrified by the thought of two men copulating. What this may reveal, however, is a male attitude about something other than gay men. The intriguing aspect of this horror is its source, the fact that in order for two men to copulate one must relinquish his dominant role and allow himself to be treated in sexual terms as if he were a woman. While this certainly accounts for some homophobia in men, the issue here is actually the degree to which the female role in sex is perceived as degrading, which indicates an unfortunate, if well-known, truth about the male attitude toward women.

The second thought Jim has about homophobia is that it is a reaction to the gay man's promiscuity, which heterosexuals regard as standard practice. And in fact, the most visible portion of the male gay population is young and unattached and does tend toward promiscuity, not necessarily having more sex than heterosexuals but having more partners, and having a variety of sex consistent with an age of instant gratification at every conceivable level: quick sex in parks and bars and movie theaters. It is Jim's belief that those who attempt to work through relationships based on monogamy are disgusted by this promiscuity, which is probably the case, though I presume heterosexuals may secretly envy these snappy anonymous encounters, a type of sex that as a rule may be obtained only by those heterosexuals who are willing to buy it. It is also a sex style that has the advantage of being less time-consuming than having dinner together first, and one more straightforward than an obligatory conversation with one's prospective partner about what movies you've seen lately.

Yet his envy indicates less about attitudes toward homosexuality and more about a heterosexual mind set, such as how men are trained in the necessity of sexual conquest, and how we are taught to regard monogamy in the most spiritless, defeated manner, purely as familiarity and security, a second prize for the frightened, a grudging requirement, and not taught that monogamy offers the prospect of an eroticism it can take some while to develop and a trust and comfort that sustains.

Jim tried monogamy once, curiously enough with a woman, a lovely, sepia-toned valentine of a girl, whom he main-

tains to have loved more than he ever loved a man. The failed effort might have shown him that the fear of intimacy takes diverting forms and the ways in which monogamy is the true sexual challenge, one slightly more difficult than seducing someone who is more or less ready for seduction anyway. His inability to be monogamous depressed him. Then he forgot about it and returned to men and promiscuity with a vengeance.

Shortly after meeting Jim I discovered that I had run out of excuses for my homophobia. Not that I stopped trying. I told myself homophobia is a response to the assumptions that lie behind the dictum "nobody loves you when you're old and gay," which is of course derived from the dictum "nobody loves you when you're old and gray," and by that I think they meant gray-haired women.

I told myself that gay culture is frivolous and based on dubious values, body worship, and prettiness—though anyone who has ever visited a gym or a makeup department or a discotheque or a singles' bar would have a hard time convincing themselves that these are facets of gay life only.

I told myself that homophobia results from the combined gay emphasis on youth, looks, and promiscuity, which results in values that could be gleaned from an issue of *Playboy* published in 1962. I told myself that the rest of us, whoever that may be, are attempting to form both ourselves and our relationships from things that abide and have real meaning, which may to some extent be true, though *Playboy* values are not quite defunct among male heterosexuals, as I was reminded on a recent evening by an ad for a TV movie, a story of several gorgeous, scantily dressed girls living isolated from the rest of the world and by implication impatiently celibate, and advertised as the televised version of "Everyman's Fantasy."

I told myself it was the overtiness of it all that was so distasteful, that there is something truly alarming about the boys who frequent Santa Monica Boulevard entwined in each other's arms. But then I can't say that is any more alarming than the signs outside motels that advertise "siesta rates," or than public exhibitions of sex in general.

So you see that I could find no reason for homophobia that did not apply equally to heterosexuals, which is why I finally decided that homosexuality is really not a reason to be homophobic and that homophobia has nothing to do with homosexuality, however strange that may sound.

I am homophobic, as you perhaps may be, yet I really do not care who other people sleep with or about the sexual preferences of anyone except my partner and myself. I have heard no argument for homophobia that I cannot counter, yet I can look at a homosexual with a depth of

hatred so intense I cannot believe it exists in me. And the truth is, I do not think it does.

What is always within me, however, is the prevailing sense that things are not as I was told they would be, not as I wish they were, not as they should be, a sense that is a consequence of modern life that moves so fast that regardless of when one is raised it is always to live in a world that is no longer there by the time we are ready to live in it. My grandparents were no more equipped to deal with my mother's divorce than my parents were to have three unmarried daughters all past the age of 30, or than I was to deal with a world in which commitments no longer mean anything. We adjust, of course, because it is the way of things. We all adjust, but the fact that we have to is not a fact we welcome very much. Then we see a male or female homosexual, the most blatant manifestation of a social train gone off the tracks, and our subliminal anger and hurt surfaces and congeals, and we look at them and think, "You dyke, you faggot." This process applies as much to homophobes like me as to macho homophobes, for

what is macho if not the most rigorous insistence on the upholding of an established order?

I would like to tell you that since coming to this realization my homophobic feelings have decreased. I would like to tell you that I now always remember that homosexuals are merely symbolic of what I am angry with, and not what I am angry with at all. I would like to tell you that, but what I have to tell instead is the sad old truth that logic, which can be used to restrain darker human behavior, is more frequently employed as a mere pleasant exercise for the mind and does not, as a rule, have much bearing on feelings.

It is as difficult to temper homophobia as it is to forgive the world for betraying its implied promises, and as it is to remember that to the degree that we are lost, it is on the same ocean and in the same night.

It is difficult to be a woman. It is difficult to be a man. It is difficult to be a homosexual. And it's just too bad that life is so short and that everything takes so long to work out and that none of these things are easy. ▲

Gay Men

(Continued from page 28)

In California, victories for gays have been especially sweet. We murdered Proposition 6, a referendum that would have forbidden gay teachers in public school. The Alliance of Gay Artists has forced the limp-wristed faggot off the airwaves. And *20th Century Fox* will release the first major pro-gay film ever, *Making Love*, in February. All major pluses.

Nope, from where I sit, it's not homophobia, the hatred and fear of homosexuals, that worries me. Heck, America can't get enough of us. What really scares me is the new *homophilia*, the obsessive infatuation with gays delineated by Elizabeth Kaye in the article reprinted here, "Straight Women and Gay Men." For it is homophilia, not homophobia, with which Miss Kaye is afflicted and it stands at the crux of her essay, hidden in the thick underbrush of prose, awaiting our discovery. Kaye, as you'll see, doesn't hate and fear gays—she admits she wants to sleep with at least two of them. What she hates is the homosexual's tendency not to prefer her. And as you can read, hell hath no fury...

But I'm getting ahead of the story. First,

let's clear up a few things about this article itself. Like where it came from.

The first thing you should know about the article "Straight Women and Gay Men" is that you paid for it out of your tax dollars. Miss Kaye is what they call a Fellow (already we're into gender confusion), living off an Alicia Patterson Fellowship from Newsday, Inc. Grants like this are funded with money that otherwise would be collected by the government and spent on orphans' lunches or a couple of spies. Instead, Elizabeth Kaye has decided to spend it whipping up the populace into a frenzy of homophobia. Terrific. Your tax dollars at work.

The second thing that ought to grind your chops about this article is the cynical way it was conceived, written, edited and published. Kaye admits right upfront that although she hates gay men she didn't know what homophobia even was until her *New West* editor told her. And we all know that the magazine in which this mess appeared, *New West*, now called *California*, had just been taken over by Texas owners and their handpicked cowboy editors who desperately needed to make a smash im-

pression on readers and advertisers in order to keep one step ahead of the crapper. Hearst and Pulitzer started the Spanish-American War to gain readers. How far will *New West/California* go to gain an audience? And at who's expense?

But these are not the most troubling aspects of this essay. After all, as far as the tax dollars are concerned, gays make enough money to support a whole dormitory of Fellows, and frequently do. And we will survive *New West*. If we can survive *Can't Stop The Music*, which many people consider to be the *New West* of movie musicals, we can survive this piece. What should really trouble all of us, including Miss Kaye, is not that she is having trouble handling homosexuality. I've been trying to handle it for 35 years and I still haven't mastered the form. It's the trouble she has handling the English language that ought to keep Kaye up nights.

You can always tell a line of bull by the amount of the words it takes to support it, and Elizabeth Kaye is on top of the heap here. Something as important as this subject deserves clear concise phrases, thought through enough to take on shape and direction. Instead Miss Kaye treats us to the leaden curlicue style of academic writing, composing sentences whose subjects and predicates chase each other around in heat. There's a ton of words here, almost as if she were being paid by the word, but basically when you distill the contents of these 7,980 words, you come up with this: *Gay men turn me on. I like to be around them. I'm not "pass material" and I'm lonely so I cling to them. The problem is, they're not interested in me sexually. Well then, that settles it. I hate gay men. Those fag hair-burner disgusting perverts. Yuch. I hate all of them. Get away, you make me sick. Or, wait, maybe it's me.*

But why be satisfied trashing this foolish essay just on generalities? Let's talk specifics.

We begin in a supermarket where author Kaye confronts a poor schlepp of a cashier, some guy who apparently didn't qualify for an Alicia Patterson Fellowship and has to work his way through life, trying to count up Kaye's purchases. Suddenly Kaye gets this flash. She *knows* the cashier hates her. She can tell by the look in his eyes. He looks down his nose at her. Read this anecdote carefully and it starts to sound like a casebook study of the Classic Paranoiac. And what did our boy do to deserve this outpouring of venom, her unspoken "fag." He looked at her funny. Quick, grab the Twinkies and call Dan White.

This leads us to the topic sentence. We're going to be discussing homophobia, the author tells us, a disease Miss Kaye didn't know she had until, she admits, an editor told her she could make a buck writing about it. But let's not blame this entirely on some editor. It's obvious

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GAY MEN (Continued)

by her choice of words that, indeed, Elizabeth Kaye *does* hate gay men. I mean, we have met the enemy, honey, and it is this woman. Listen to the words she uses about us. "Rabid," for instance. She says that homosexuality literally causes her "to twitch." The only gay men you used to see, she says, were when you got your hair done, had your house redecorated or if you hung around with people who were "extremely" broad-minded. You can hear the sarcasm here, the words bitten off at the ends Kirk Douglas style, the raw hate and frustration. And what did we gay boys do to deserve this?

Aha. It turns out it wasn't something that any of us did. It's something we didn't do. We didn't sleep with Miss Kaye. First she tells us she hates Paul because he didn't lay a hand on her. Then she tells us she hates Bobby because he told her the truth about his preference. Then she hates an entire roomful of gay men and when it's all over she'll probably hate everyone of us. Why? Because of our sexual preference: we don't prefer *her*!

Once Kaye swings into high gear here, the fecal matter really hits the oscillating device. There is the centrifugal contempt with which she holds homosexual love. Our love affairs to her are "dewey-eyed renderings of I-never-knew-it-could-be-so-wonderful." She calls homosexual love "utterly predictable and cliché ridden." She goes to a party where she's the only girl invited and she sits there hating everybody, wallowing in the "nasty edge of emotions." Edges, indeed. The nasty in this case goes clear through. For what she is admitting is that she played these 100 gay men for fools. She made them think she liked them, convinced them of her fondness for them to the extent that she is the only girl invited to share in the fun and then she dumps all over them. Why? Because they like Noel Coward?

Then we meet Robert. Kaye, "still lacking that certainty of one own's desirability," falls for Robert. But, alas, the romance is "white bread." After it's over, "I hated Robert," she says. Not because he rejected her. No, that would be too easy. No, she decides she hates gay men because "homosexuals have rejected the real arena." Real arena, get it? Like we're all arrested developmentally or something. Like only heterosexuality is the "real arena." Here is a woman who lied to 100 men about her feelings for them, who refuses to take gay men at their word and she is lecturing *us* about the Real Arena.

From here on, Kaye is like Madame Defarge on a roll. Homos are "bitchy." Homos are "weak." Homos are "an army of Peter Pans." Look how she brags about destroying Gregory, chipping away at him until she says proudly, "He dissolved and I left him as soft as chocolate melted in the sun." Certainly if there were a decathlon in the Real Arena, Miss Kaye would win

the ball-busting event hands down.

As this windbag winds down, she begins to refute her own arguments. Gays worship beauty, she moans. Wait a minute, she reminds herself, so do straights. Gays are promiscuous, she complains. Wait a minute, so are straights. And on and on she blathers, paragraph after paragraph of convolution until she throws her last upper cut: "So you see," she writes, "I could find no reason for homophobia that did not apply equally to heterosexuals, yet I can look at a homosexual with a depth of hatred so intense I cannot believe it exists in me." Translation? I'm nuts but I'm not seeking treatment for it.

But enough of Miss Kaye. The real problem we seem to find here is how to integrate our homosexual lives so that they include the other 50% of mankind, women. Women will fall in love with gay men time and again. The challenge, of course, is how to graciously field the advances without sending out into society other ticking bombs like Elizabeth Kaye.

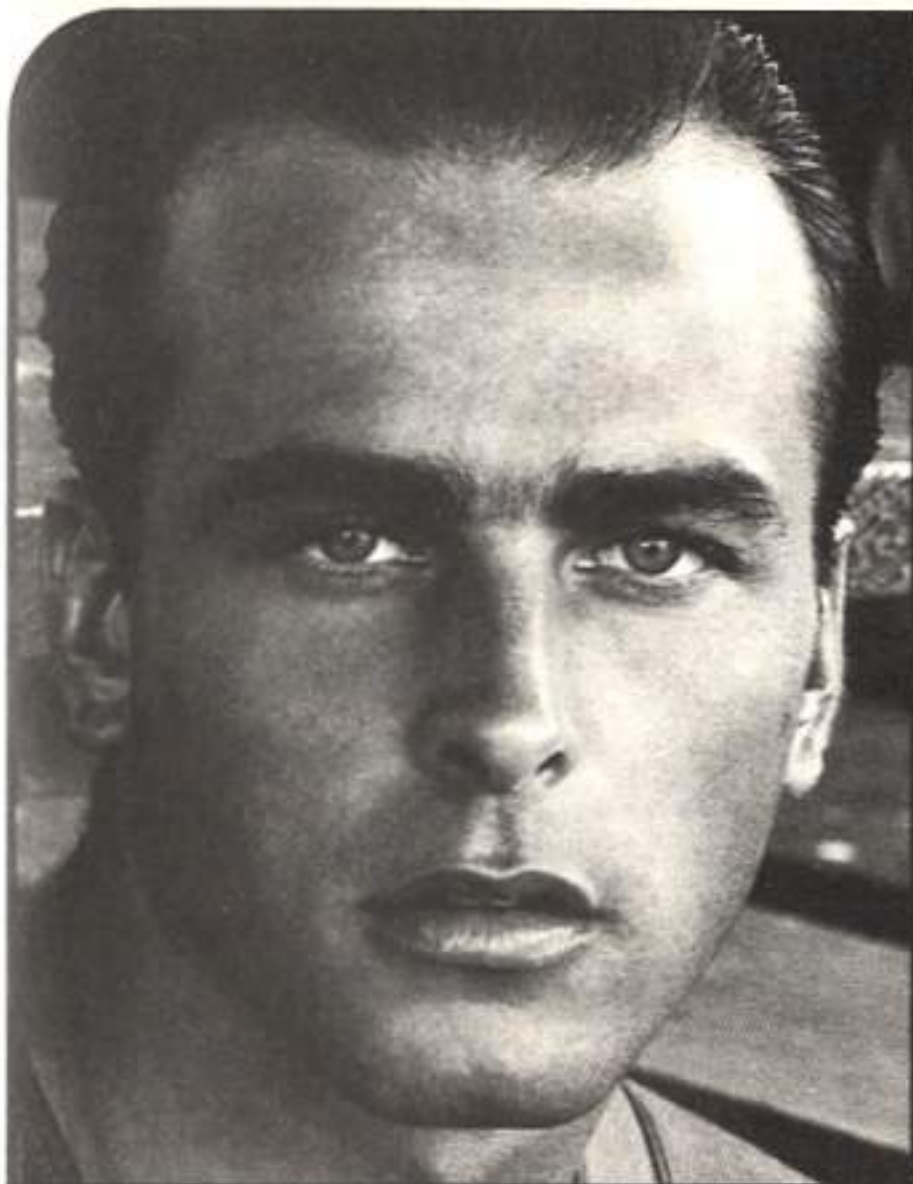
"Women who expect to have a permanent relationship with a gay man, feeling they could cure him of his homosexuality, usually look back on such affairs with regret," says John Malone in his book *Straight Women/Gay Men*. "If you persuade yourself that you're going to convert a man to heterosexuality, it's a terrible blow to your ego when you fail. Even if the man is decent enough to assure you that it's his fault and not yours, you can't help feeling wounded in your femininity. Some women who have suffered such wounds remain so bitter about the experience that they place the blame exclusively on the man."

Elizabeth, dear, are you listening?

"Those women regard homosexual men who allow a woman to believe that they are capable of sustained heterosexual relationship as deceitful. But the majority took a more charitable view. These women are more inclined to regret the fact that society pressures men into these situations than to feel angry or reproachful toward the man himself."

Besides, what kind of fantasy world is Kaye living in? "For heaven's sake," says one woman in Malone's book, who has had her share of flops with gay men, "women fall in love with totally unsuitable straight men all the time even though they know the man is likely to cause them grief. Too many women these days absolutely refuse to fall in love unless the man is perfect. Who says they're so perfect themselves? I think women like that deny themselves an important part of life. To love anyone involves disappointment and pain as well as fulfillment and pleasure, and people who insist on one without the other aren't living in the real world."

So perk up, Liz, and see you at Studio One. And God forbid, don't bring those open-toed shoes. We'll never hear the end of it.



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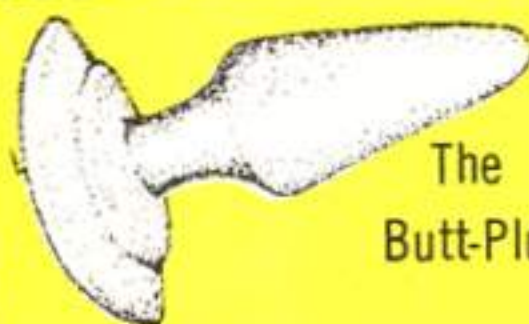
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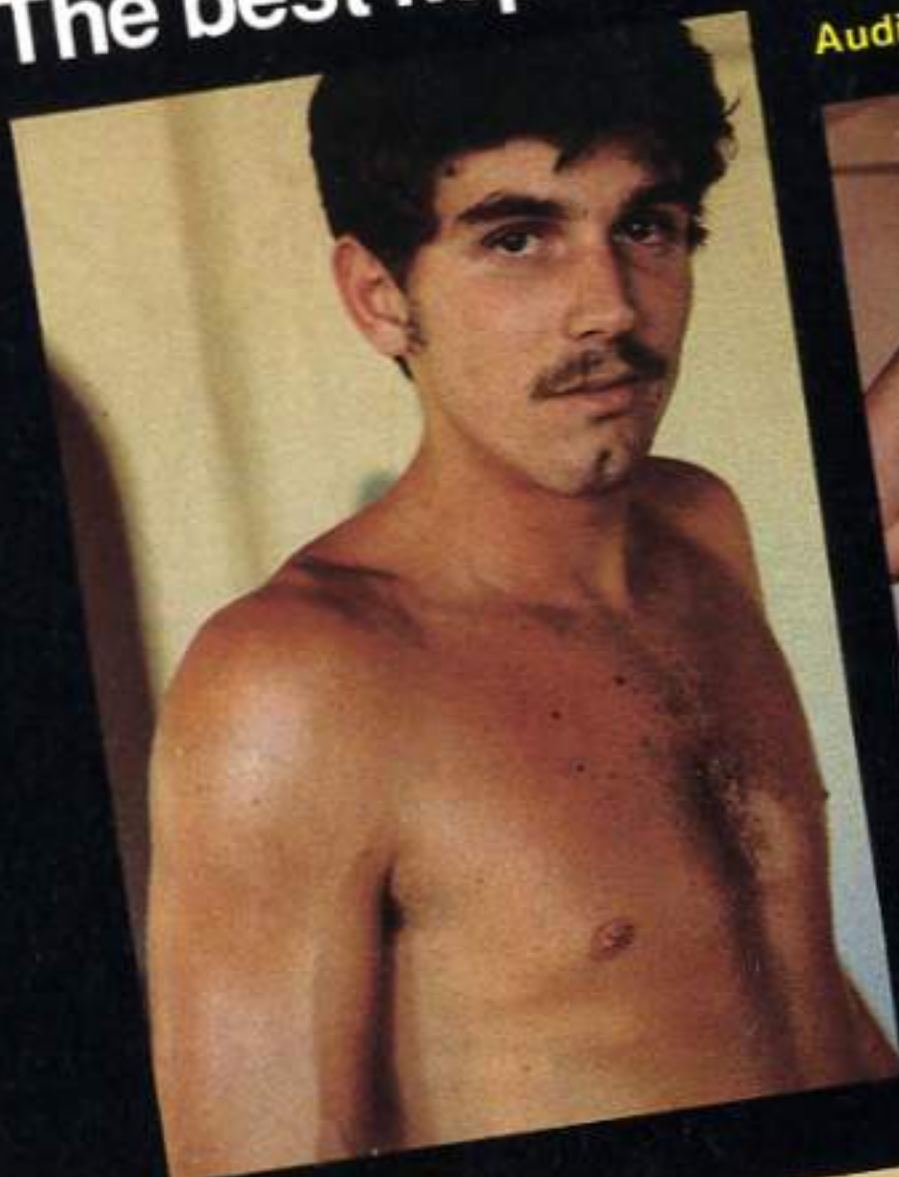
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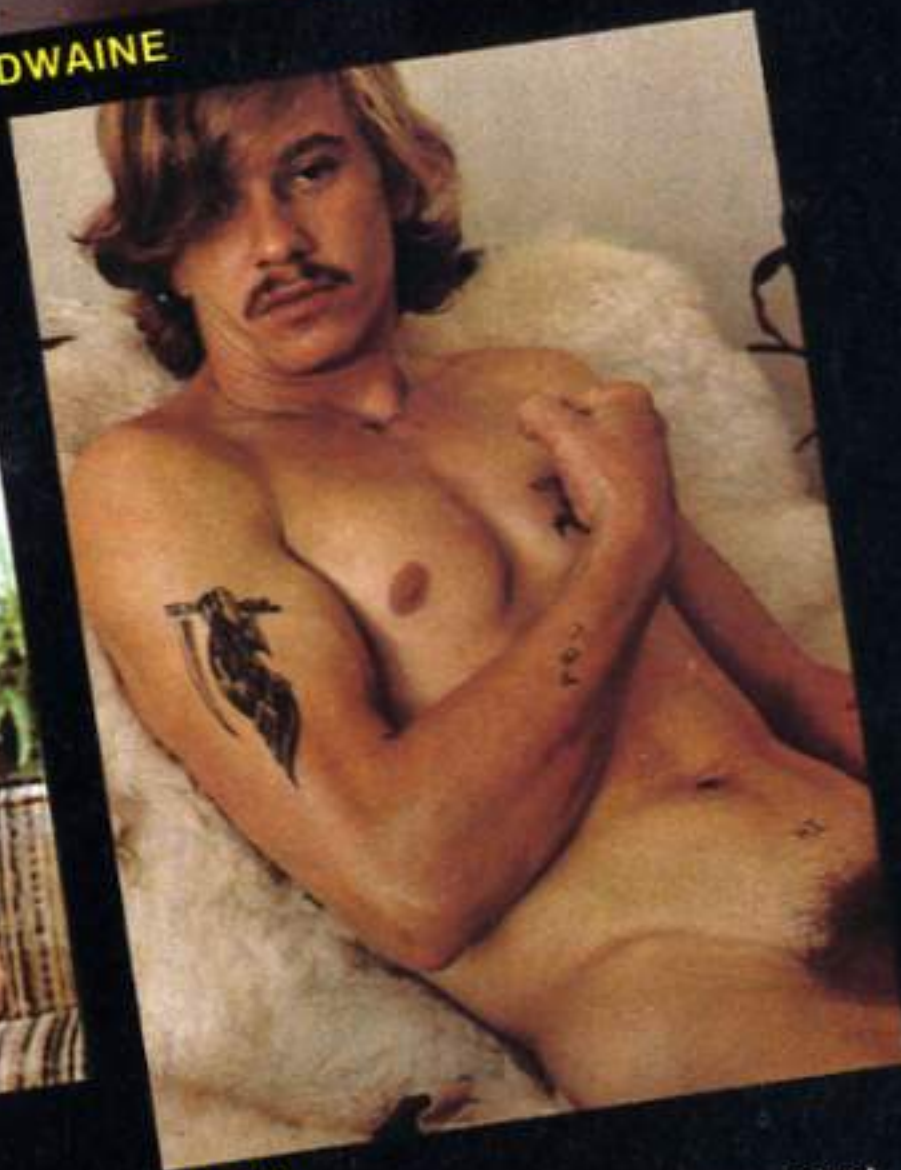
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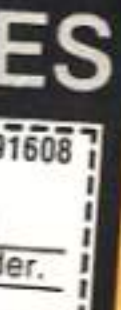
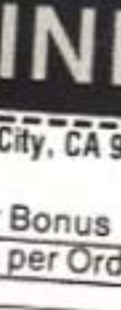
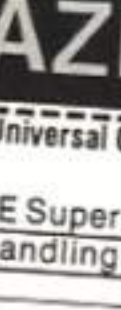
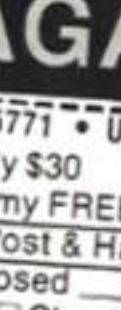
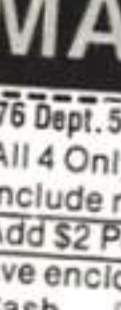
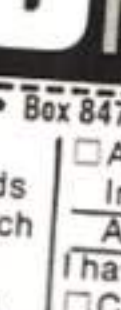
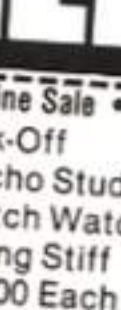
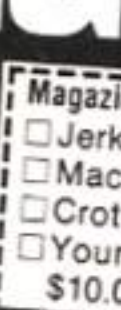
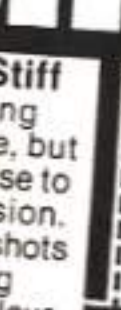
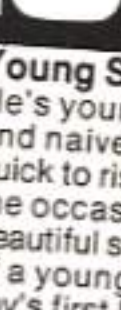
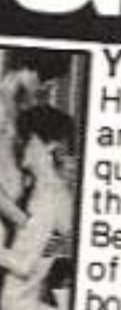
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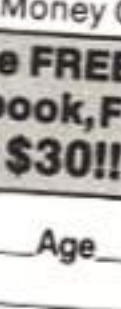
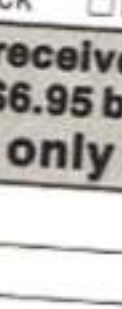
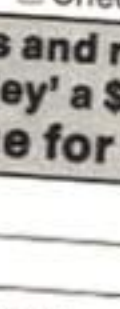
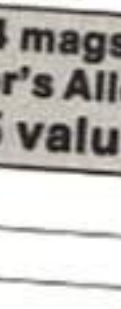
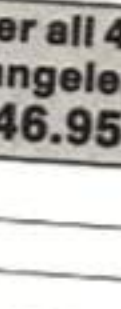
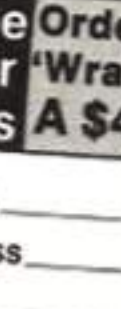
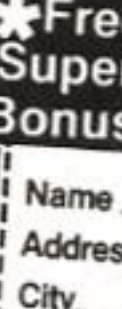
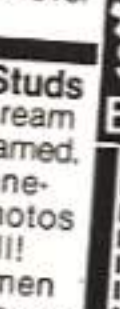
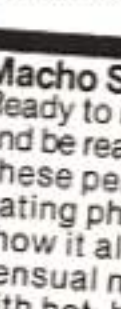
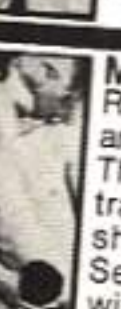
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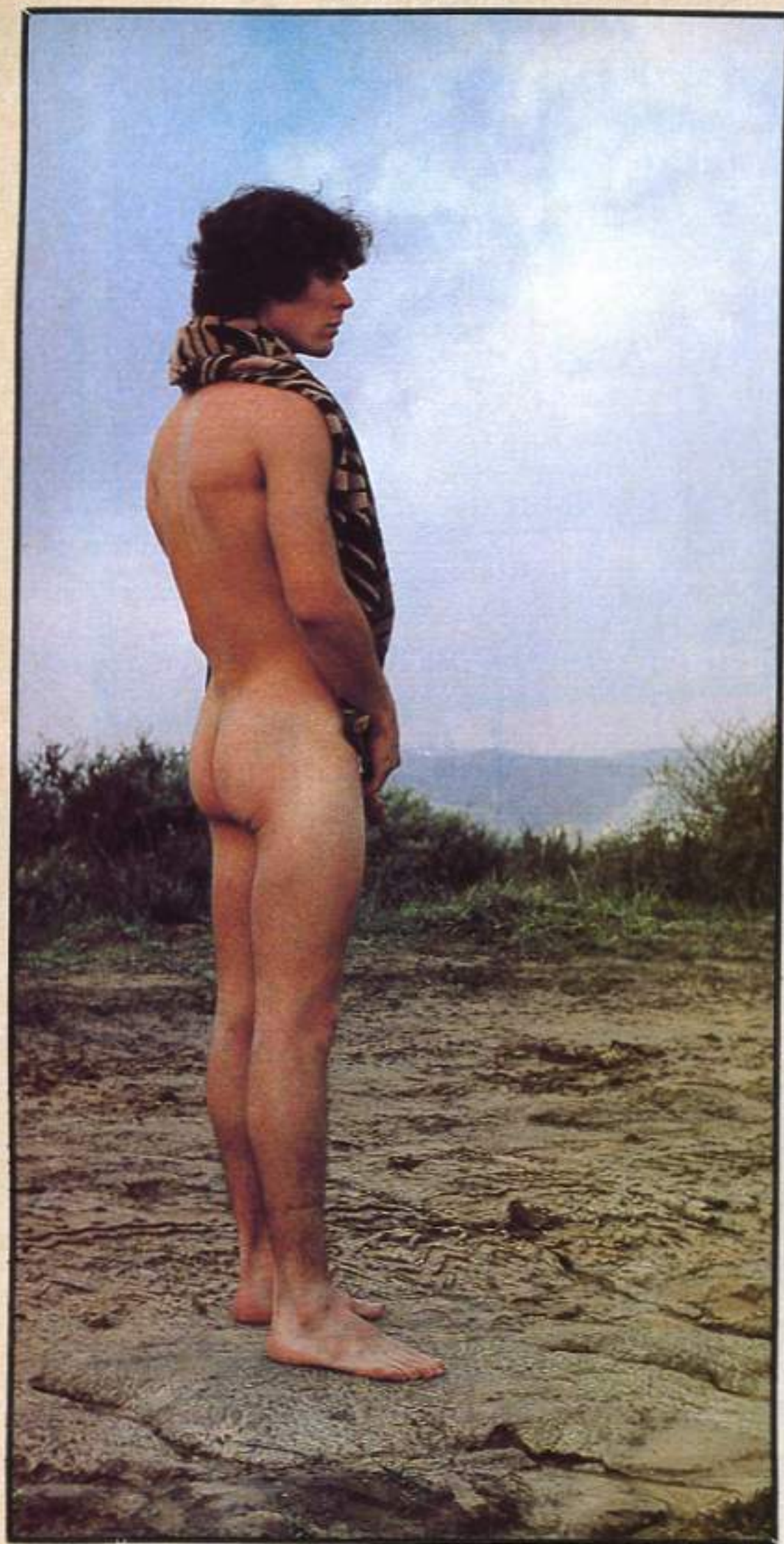
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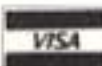
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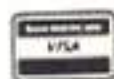
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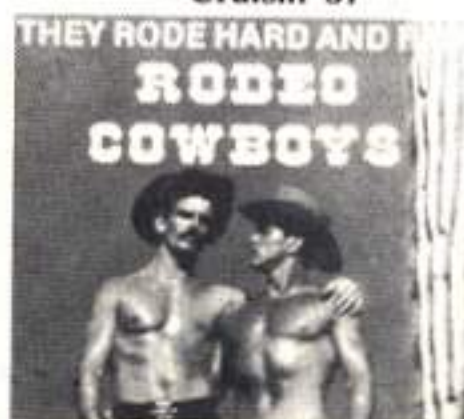
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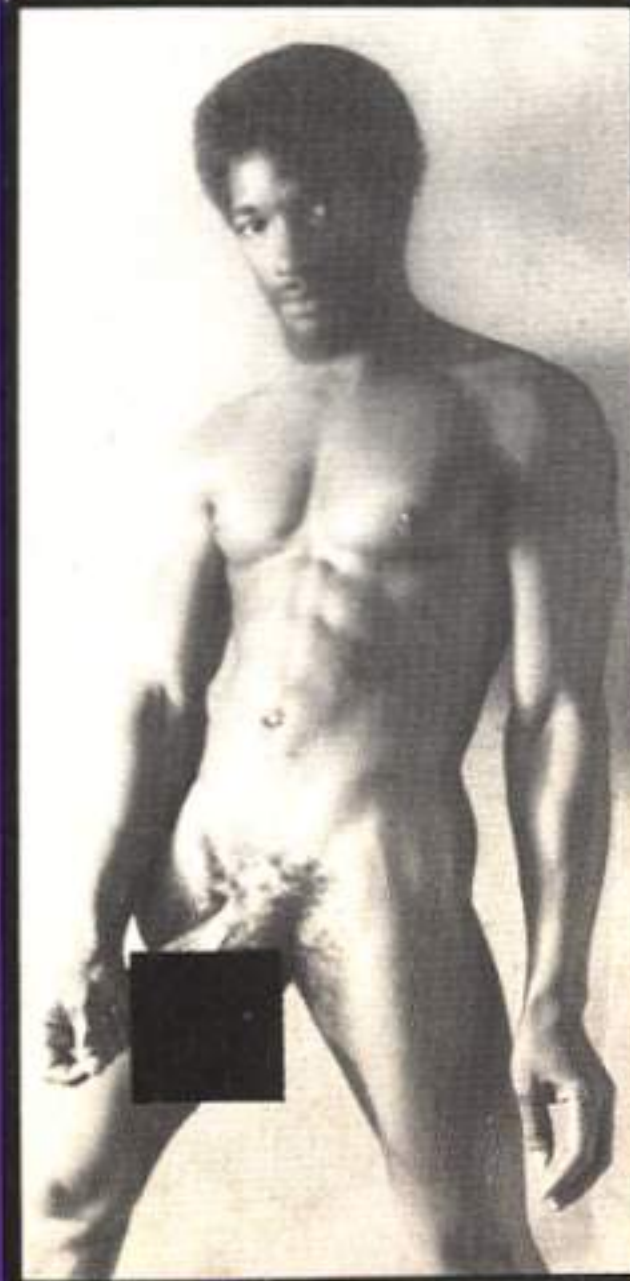
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by JIM YOUSLING

NIGHTLIFE!

PHOTOS BY CHARLES MONIZ



TOM OF FINLAND

BEFORE AND AFTER: On the left, we have a photo of disco diva Ethel Merman taken just after Ethel heard that *IN TOUCH* was publishing an article about Mermen. On the right, a photo of Ethel after finding out what kind of Merman we meant. Sorry, hon, but ya look great anyway.



FROM THE CITY THAT GAVE YOU ROCK HUDSON:

There seem to be so many outstanding beefcake pageants in Chicago that frankly, we wonder how they ever manage to get the hogbutchering for the world done. Here, thanks to our friends at *Gay Chicago* magazine, we see (at left) Harry Hanson, who copped the title Mr. Windy City, with Burt Gates, manager of the Manhandler (which sponsored Harry). At the far right, we can see right down to the pubes of Kenneth Eric Hoskins (in white trunks, just barely), who won the "Mr. Black Midwest" contest which Fred Morris Productions presented at the Ritz. Kenneth's very tempting arm is around the shoulder of third place winner Quincy Gaines, who was also named "Mr. Body Beautiful" (not to mention that dick!). After all, this is the city that gave you the Sears Tower.

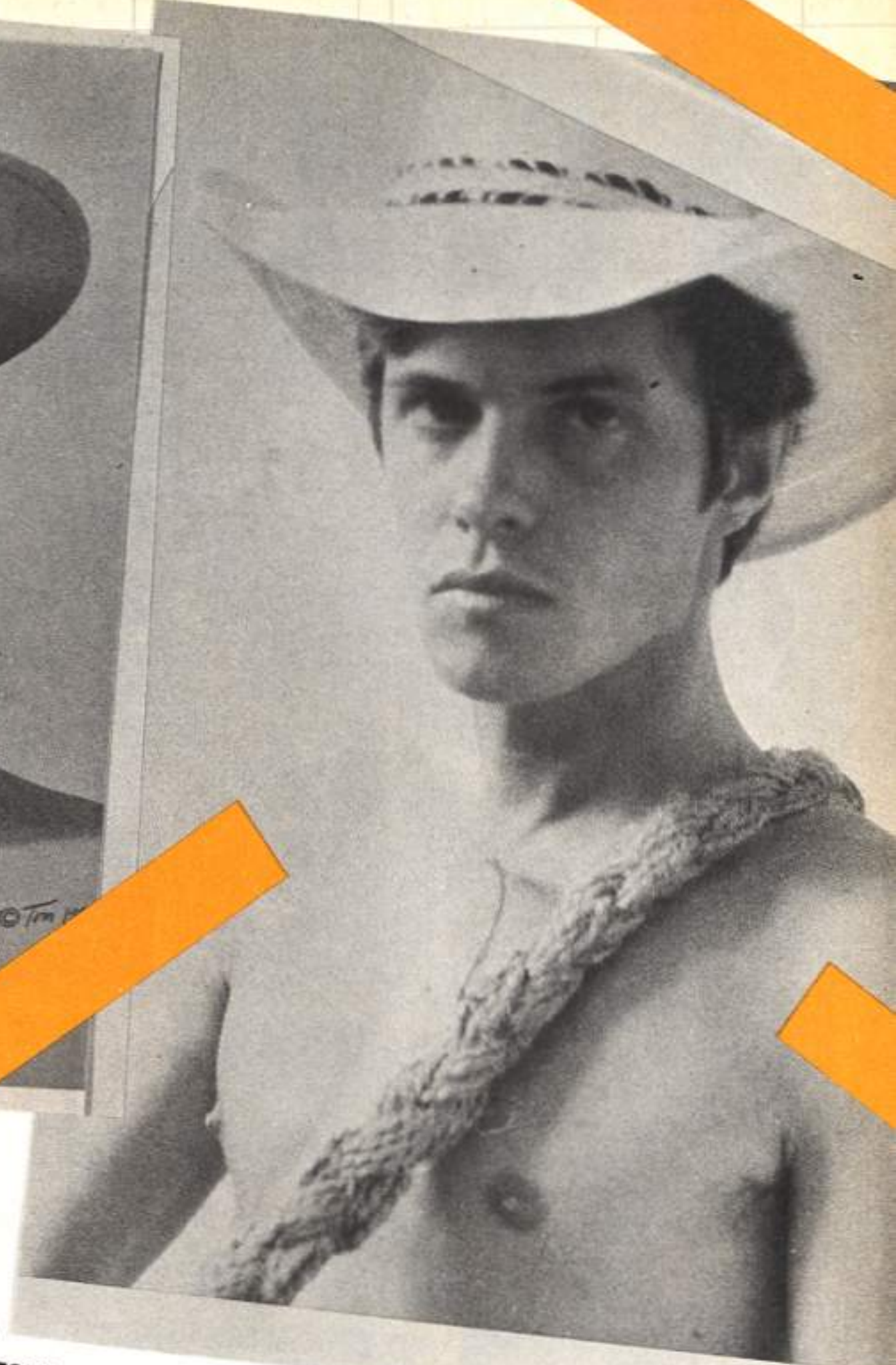
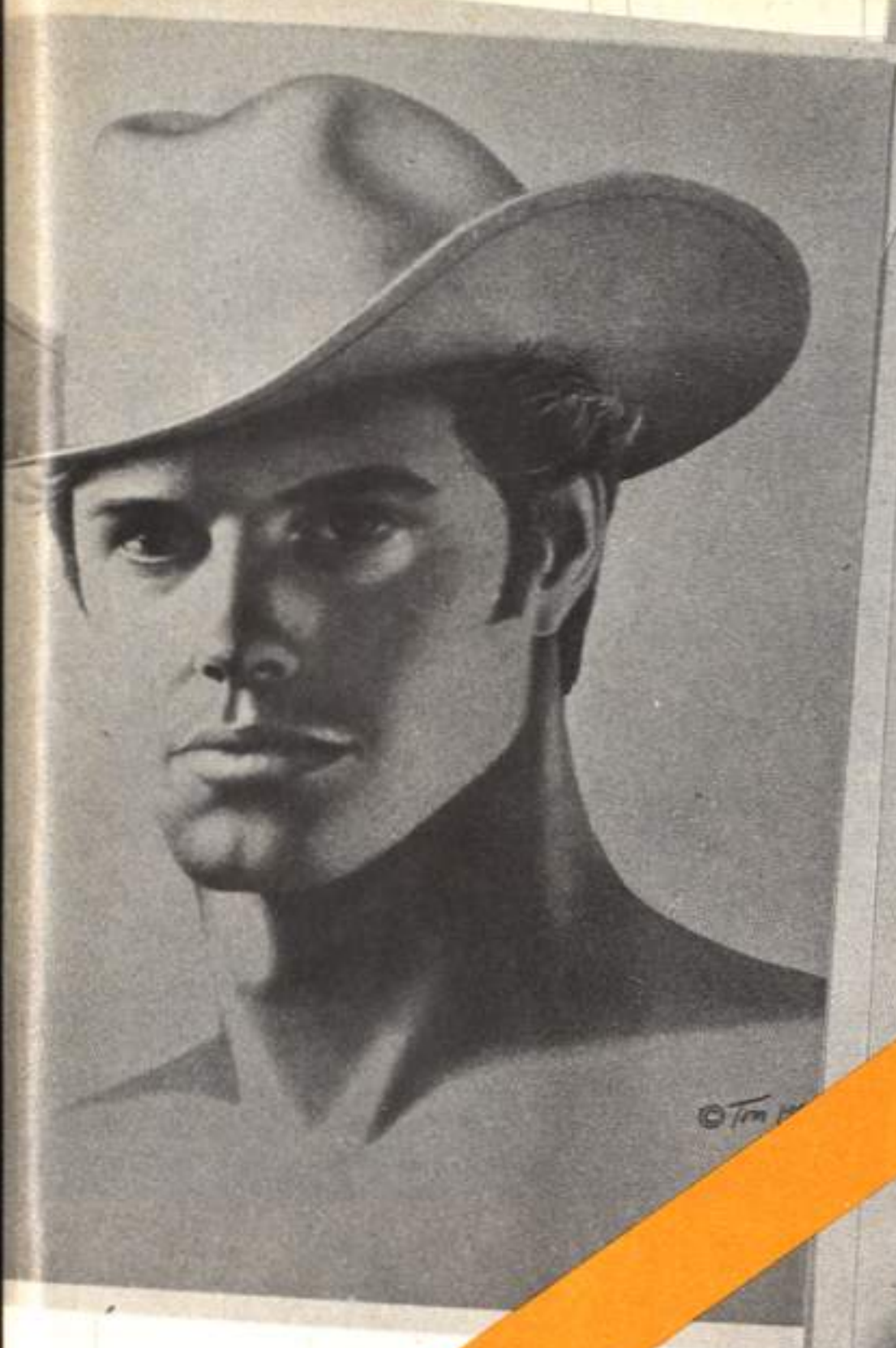
TOM OF FINLAND

GAVE

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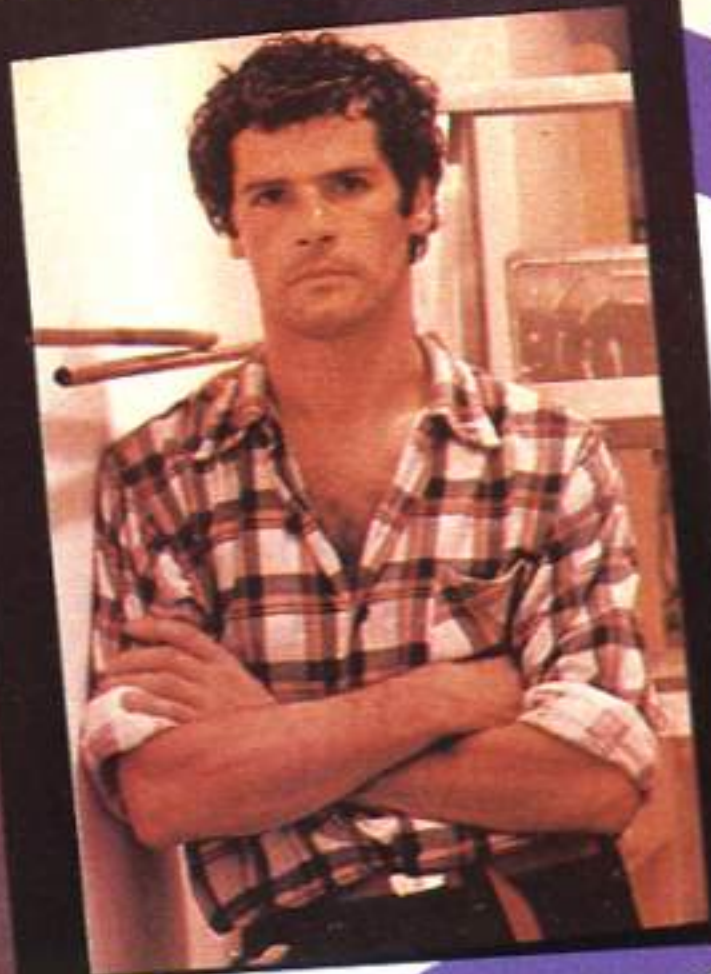
PHOTOS BY MIKE WILLIAMS, COURTESY GAY CHICAGO MAGAZINE



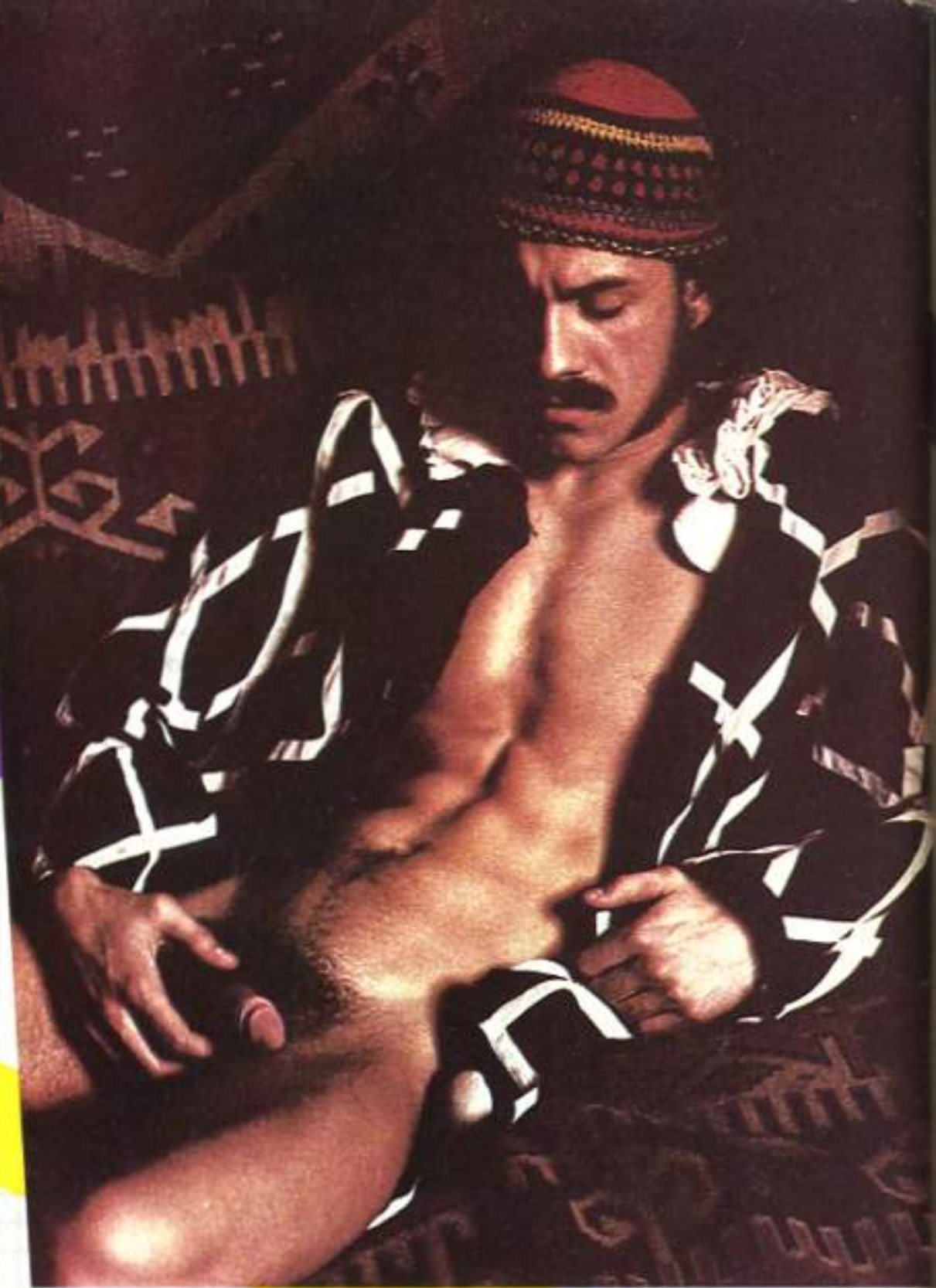
BEFORE AND AFTER?: On the left, we have a drawing by world-famous IN TOUCH contributor Tom of Finland, featuring a gorgeous young fantasy cowboy. On the right, we see the same drawing after the IN TOUCH staff, in the interests of science, breathed life into it by hooking up a few electrodes, praying to Peter Pan, and giving that drawing a blow job it won't soon forget. As you can see, the drawing came to life just like magic, in the form of real-life cowboy Kevin Meurnier, who appeared in IN TOUCH #51 and TOO HOT #11. But I guess we can't fool you huh? You've already guessed that the photo came *before* the

drawing, didn't you? But here's the good part: If you send your own photo to Tom, he'll draw you too! Just imagine yourself or your boyfriend as a Tom of Finland dreamboat! Doesn't that make you hot? If so, information and rates are available through Tom's U.S. representative (yes, Tom really lives in Finland). Send a detailed description of your desire to: Tom of Finland, Dept. IT, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., #109, Box 120, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Prices start at \$500.00, but a Tom original is worth its weight in Tinkerbell Dust and besides, where else can you become your own collector's item?

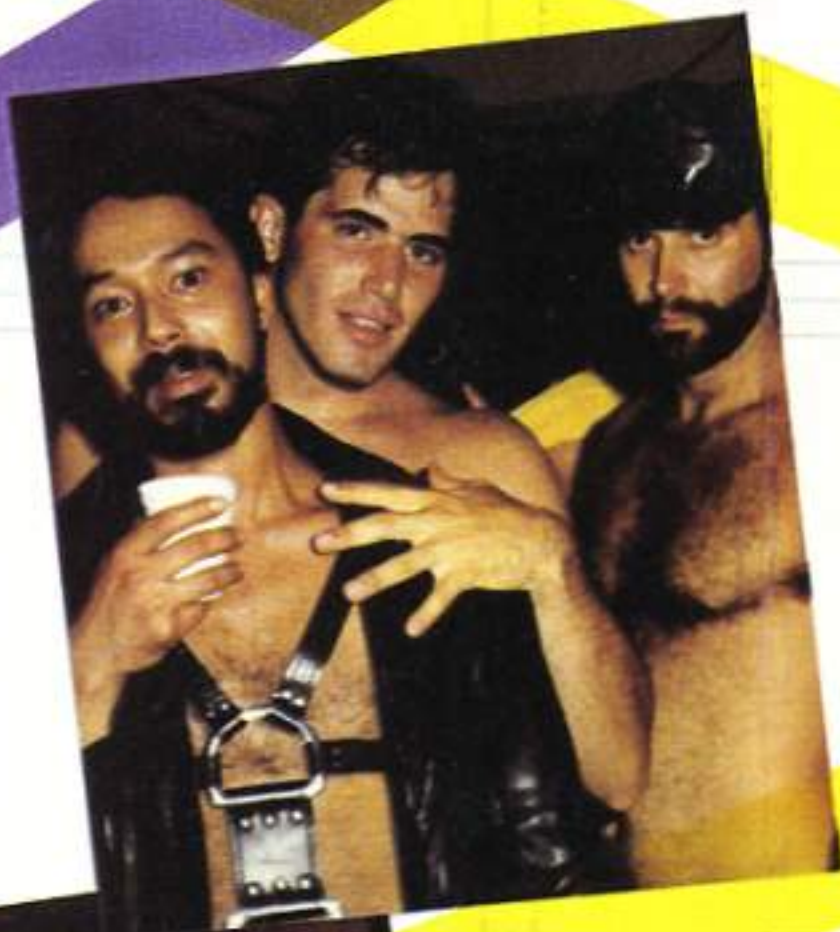
D.J. GARRETT



PETER CONDU



VICTOR ARIMONDI



PHOTOS BY ROSE DE CASTRO



HE'S GOT THE LOOK: The gentleman contemplating his weenie is one of dozens of such artistically decked-out men currently gracing the pages of *The Look of Men*, a big new book destined to look great lying on your glass-top coffee table or just propped up on your bathroom floor. The 150 or so photographs (all of them in full color) reveal a photographer whose influences seem to include everything from Roy Dean to Glitter Rock to *National Geographic*. That photographer is none other than Victor Arimondi (featured in *IN TOUCH* #48), whose dust-jacket photo (plaid shirt, arms crossed) clearly explains why so many attractive men were willing to bare it for his lens. If you want to see them all, send \$30.00 to: The 551 Gallery, 551 Haight Street, San Francisco, CA 694117.

OH, MY GOODNESS! This is the only photo we could print from a new motion picture titled *Face to Face*, which is only one of the many positions demonstrated by its enthusiastic stars. You see, this is a sort of documentary—let's call it "gay investigative reporting"—and these gentlemen are investigating methods of using a bench press that were heretofore unknown. The large (note

the carefully chosen adjective) cast includes *IN TOUCH* centerfolds Scott Anderson (#47) and Mickey Squires (#53), who do a number of things in this film that we think you'll find interesting. Produced by Frank Ross for Mustang Studios, *Face to Face* is probably breaking new ground in the field of journalism at a theater near you at this very moment.



MUSTANG

TITS AND ASS: In a never-ending search for the shirtless, the *IN TOUCH* camera peeps at Probe, Hollywood's private disco, revealing a party in progress (staged by the Gay Bartenders' Association) and more pumped-up pecs than you can shake a ... well, stick at. Among the bazooms, the careful viewer may also discover a subtle ass shot which we slipped in to get you all excited, although exactly *what* these people are doing here is up for grabs. As they say.



PHOTO BY JOE SKYLAS, COURTESY MALE HIDE LEATHER

YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW: People keep asking me "Jim, who is this Etienne guy and what does he look like? Is he hung?" and I say to them, "He's the talented artist who drew the leathermen in our last issue (as well as a number of Target publications under the name Stephen) and his real name is Dom Orejudos and he lives in Chicago and he looks like this and I don't know if he's hung because somebody's shoulder is covering up his thumb and I can't see his feet. And no, I don't know what that thing is that looks like a candy cane or a toll gate or a barber-pole laser sword from *Star Wars*. But I do know that this photo was taken at the 1981 International Mr. Leather Contest and Dom claimed to be studying anatomy at the time."

HELLO
my name is

Miles
O'Keeffe



AAA-
EE-AAA-
EE-AAAH!

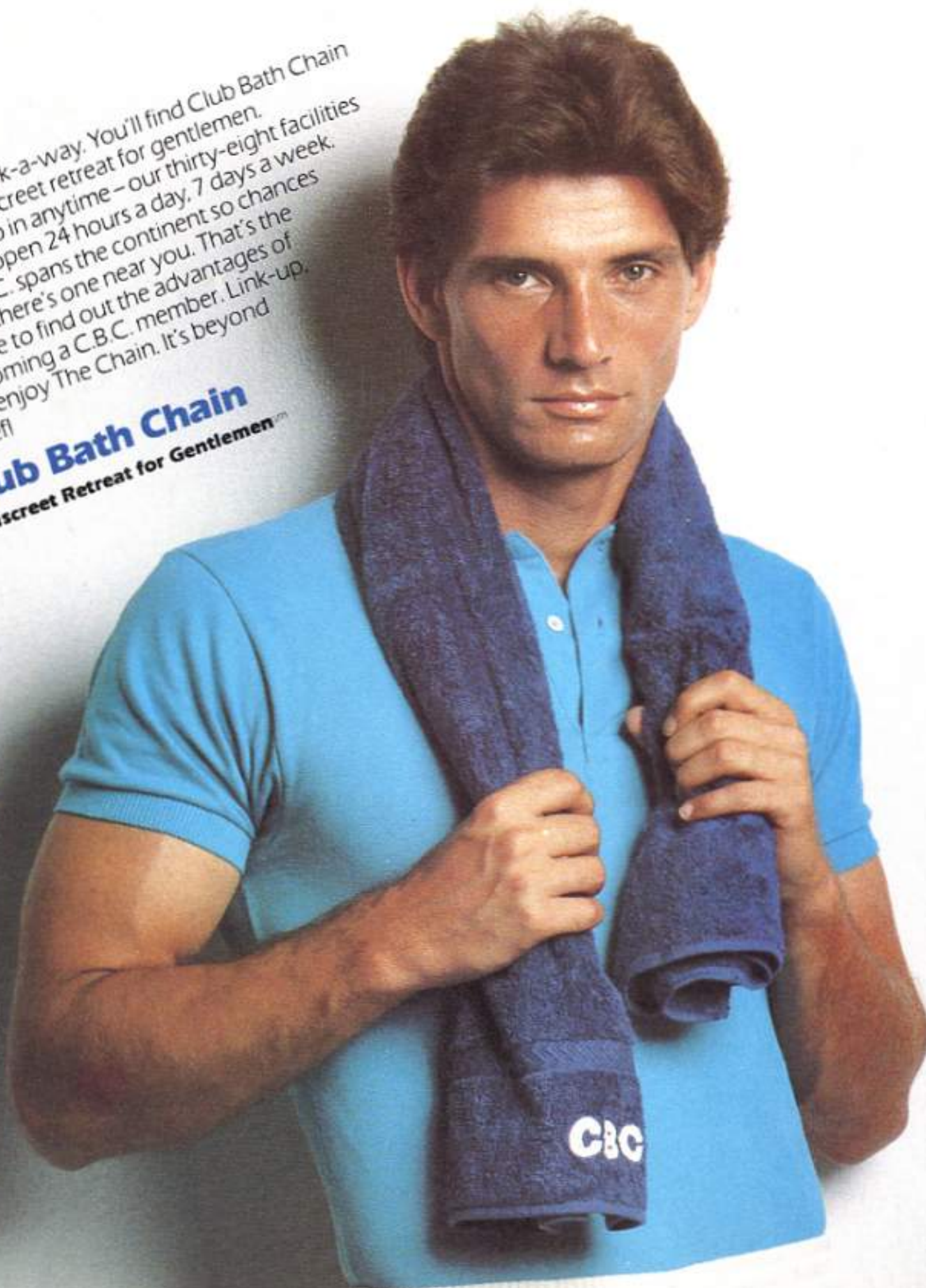
Well, here we are between the legs of Miles O'Keeffe, for our money the sexiest Tarzan since Lex Barker. Why are we here? First of all, to update your collection (see "The Sex Life of Tarzan" in issue #54). Secondly, since the film was a critical failure, we figured what's Thanksgiving without a little turkey? And finally, we're here because we can see right up his loincloth, and we know what's causing that bulge. Miles O'Keeffe only appears in 25 minutes of this film, but we'd call it 25 minutes very well spent! Anyone for vine-swinging?

"WE'RE SO GLAD WE HAD THIS TIME TOGETHER: To have a laugh and shoot a load. Seems we just get started and before you know it, comes the time we have to hit the road." A beautiful sentiment, to be sure, but why live in the past? Remember, next month is Christmas, the time for all gay magazines to make jokes about stuffing stockings and Santa coming (which would clearly be beneath *our* dignity). But just wait til you see the present we're getting ready for *you*. No fair peeking, but we'll give you a hint: It's alive, it's naked, and it has at least twelve penises! See ya then! ▲

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